THE BYSTANDER
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The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE GOLF GOSSIP FILMS

The Opera, The Debs' Ball and the Royal Academy

"Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes

1/

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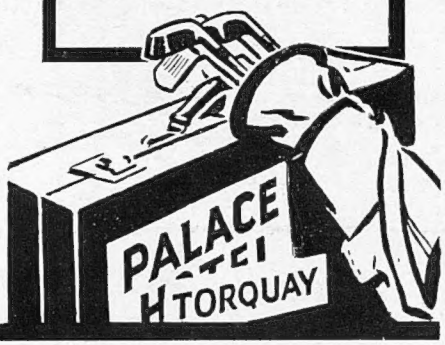

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Juan-les-Pins.—"Les Ambassadeurs."—Open 1932; facing beach & casino. Every room with balcony, bath, 'phone.

FRANCE—(*continued*).

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The BYSTANDER

HEATHER ANGEL

Heather Angel is one of the English contingent of film "lovelies" in Hollywood, and looks like making good there. She is under contract to Fox, and her first film with them is "Pilgrimage." She has now been given the lead in "Berkeley Square," opposite Leslie Howard, who will be playing his original stage rôle. Frank Lloyd, of "Cavalcade" fame, is to be the director

Above : Mr. James Sinclair, the Gordon Highlanders, and Miss Grizel Margaret Cunningham, daughter of Sir George and Lady Miller Cunningham, being piped from St. Peter's, Peebles, after their wedding. Mr. Sinclair is the son of Canon the Hon. Charles and the Hon. Mrs. Sinclair

The Hon. Edward Ward, Viscount and Viscountess Bangor's only son, and Miss Elizabeth Balfour, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Balfour, of Wrockwardine Hall, Salop, were rescued from the rainstorm after their wedding at St. Peter's, Wrockwardine, by their best man, Mr. Rupert Bibby, with an umbrella

Swaebe

Above : leaving the Guards Chapel, Wellington Barracks, after their wedding : Mr. Stewart Gilkison, Irish Guards, and Miss Mary Kent Gilbert, daughter of Mr. A. C. Gilbert, of New York, and Mrs. Dudley Gilbert, of Chantilly, Paris, and Philadelphia, U.S.A.

Left : Lady Plunket and Mr. Walter Crisham dancing together at the Débutantes' Ball at Grosvenor House : they did an exhibition dance in the cabaret and were a great success

Swaebe

At the Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan's Pay Cocktail Party : Lord Selby talking to Miss Helene Hedin, the Swedish film star, who will be playing in the production of "Henry VIII.", in which Charles Laughton takes the part of the King

The PASSING

"The Bystander" holds

To turn to more cheerful things, Lady Charles Cavendish looked very attractive at her first appearance as a public hostess at the Débutantes' Ball. Indeed, we might say that she had a succès fou. Her whole party, including Prince George, were most animated, and her inseparable companion, Lady Dufferin and Ava, looked radiant.

Anxiety was followed by laughter when, during Lady Plunket's dance, her partner, Mr. Walter Crisham, nearly dropped her while carrying out an intricate evolution. Stanley Holloway sang his classic, "Albert and the Lions," as he did at the Bucks Club dinner, and Douglas Byng sang "I 'm a Tree," from the new Charlot revue. The biggest laugh in this lyric is when he says "I am more sinned against than sinning." Nina May MacKinney sang her regular two songs.

The death of Lord Knebworth threw a gloom all over Mayfair as well as affecting the hundreds of people who go out ski-ing every winter to Mürren and Wengen. His death followed up that of many other charming young men who have been killed in aeroplane smashes, among them "Grubby" Grosvenor, Edward Tiarks, Eddie Somerset, and Geoffrey Rodd. It was only by great good fortune that Mr. Drogo Montagu was not also killed. As it was, his machine crashed heavily.

They called it the Débutantes' Ball, and a number of débutantes were present. But it is extraordinary what modern débutantes are expected to like, and apparently do like, compared with only four or five years ago. It seems to be taken for granted that they are a good deal more sophisticated than their elder married sisters. The only occasion when they are still supposed to be like the old-time débutantes is at the Queen Charlotte's Ball, which will be taking place next month as usual under the expert supervision of Mr. Seymour Leslie and Lady Howard de Walden.

HOUR

up the Mirror to the Gay World

LAST week Lady Anne Rhys and her husband gave their first dinner party. On looking round the room it was difficult to imagine better-looking married couples than their guests. They included Lady Joan Colville and her husband, Sir Hugh Smiley and Lady Smiley, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Smith-Dorrien.

SIR HUGH SMILEY has come back with amusing stories of his honeymoon in America. Wherever they went he was called Sir Smiley and occasionally Lord Smiley. Presumably people thought that to call him Sir Hugh was too familiar. In New York the smallest stakes at bridge were apparently 6s. a hundred, and though all their hosts said they were living metaphorically in a pigsty, the amount they spent at their dinner parties was obviously tremendous.

LADY SMILEY thought that in Hollywood the girls were all very drab-looking, and that in Honolulu the beach boys were completely spoilt and very conceited. It was interesting to hear that such a state of tension exists there that the military officers on the Island have to report to headquarters exactly where they are if they are going out for only half an hour. Japan is only a thousand miles away.

ONE must congratulate Lord Birkenhead on his escape in Gloucester Place the other night, when fire broke out in the room below him when he was staying at the flat of Mr. Chips Channon. He was fast asleep at 1.30 a.m. when suddenly he heard a loud crashing of glass and a fireman walked in through the window. Though he does not know it, I had something to do with this intrusion, for I had called the Fire Brigade, having seen the flames coming out. Among the spectators of the fire were Sir William and Lady Max-Muller, who had been to the Opera that night.

THE tropical downpour at half-past nine last Wednesday must have cost the Government at least £250, and the same amount to officers and Foot Guards who were rehearsing the Trooping of the Colour. Officers' tunics cost over £40 each, and when they get soaked with the London rain, which is always very smutty, the tunics are ruined. Even if they are sent to the cleaners, the scarlet loses something in the process. It is the same with the men's, when the order "Put on capes" comes too late.

ONE of the parties of the week was given by Madame de Peña. It was not a large one, however, nor anything like as high-spirited as her cocktail parties. Lady Phyllis Allen was there, and so were the Pims and the Bealeys, Miss Jeanne Stourton, Jim Lawrence, and others. The latter included a man who stood in a corner of the drawing-room whom nobody knew by name or sight—not even the hostess.

THE Academy this year shows a number of well-known faces. Miss Sheila Berry has been painted by Mr. Gerald Kelly who, incidentally, insists that all his sitters, whoever they are, must remove all make-up from their faces; Miss Gloria Rodd, and Mrs. Armstrong Jones. Looking round the various galleries one comes to the conclusion that there are more nudes than there have ever been before, almost a Folies-Bergère show, in fact.

YESTERDAY was the occasion of the most brilliant dance of the week, given by Lady Cavan for her daughter, Miss Daphne Mulholland. The hostesses who gave dinner parties included Lady Crewe, Lady Howard de Walden, Lady Linlithgow, whose son has just become engaged, Lady Listowel, and Lady Zetland.

PEOPLE who live in Park Lane have not had much sleep for some years. If it was not Grosvenor House being pulled down, and then being re-built, it was either Dorchester House or one of those other big blocks of new buildings. Now Brook House is being pulled down—at any rate, demolition was scheduled to start on Monday. I hear it is being bought by Coutts's Bank and will presumably be turned into flats and offices.

I WAS saying last week that we had not seen much of Mrs. Horlick or Miss Bingham. One might add Miss Betty Baldwin to the list. She was not even present at the Junior Imperial League Ball at the Dorchester last week, when her father and mother received the guests. Of these there were nearly seven hundred, and Mrs. Baldwin had spent a whole exhausting hour shaking hands with them. There was an excellent cabaret, and afterwards the artists, including George Robey, Delysia, and Flotsam and Jetsam, had supper with Lord Derby and his large party. Lord Beatty danced, and so did Mr. Winston Churchill.

Mrs. Woolley Hart, who is a clever pianist, has a seal on her piano to give her inspiration, seals being, of course, the most musical of animals. Mrs. Woolley Hart's London house, at which her parties are famous, is in Prince's Gate

Sir Robert Vansittart, the Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, and Lady Vansittart on the Berengaria on their way back from America, where they went with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald

At Hurst Park: Mrs. "Boy" Wilson, one of the keenest and most attractive of the regulars, and Mrs. Derek Murphy, who, though also very attractive, hasn't qualified as a regular yet

The Opera

Left: Lady Hawke, Lady Simmons, Mr. Justice Hawke and Sir Percy Simmons arriving at the Royal Opera House

Below, on the left, is Viscountess Scarsdale, one of the many women whose white cloaks and furs gleamed in the stalls

Above: some of the audience doing their best to see and be seen in the interval

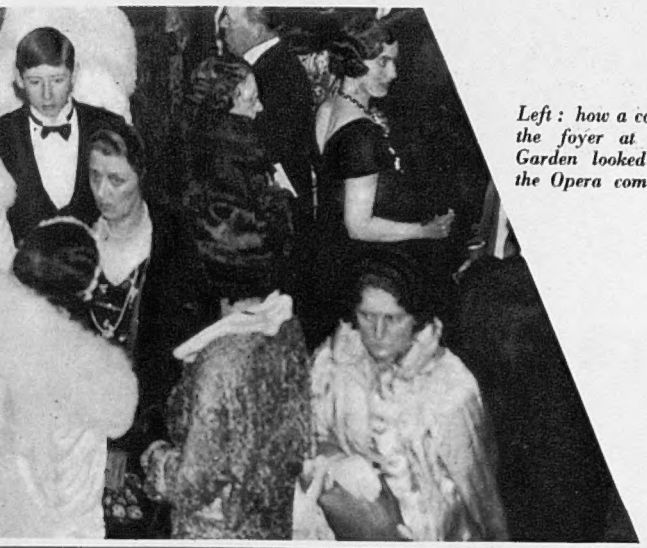
Right: Mrs. Archie Campbell, who wore a dress of organdie with cock's feather epaulettes, for the opening night

Above: Sir Robert and Lady Hadfield arriving in plenty of time to avoid the last-minute struggle, and to see Sir Thomas Beecham welcomed by the audience

Left: Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys were in a grand-tier box; with them is Prince Milo of Montenegro

Mrs. Claude Leigh, another of the lovely women at the Grand Opera first night

Ushers in the Season: A Brilliant First Night for "Der Rosenkavalier" at Covent Garden



Left: how a corner of the foyer at Covent Garden looked before the Opera commenced

Left: Lady Patricia Moore wore a white-fur-trimmed coat over her bright red dress. She and Sir Paul Latham are being married next month

Captain Dyke and Miss Natalie Coe during one of the intervals

Miss Stella Lison talking to Madame Clara Novello Davies and Mr. Ivor Novello

Above: Lord d'Abernon and the Duchess of Leinster, who was another of the women who wore white, and looked really "grand opera" in her tiara

Right: Miss Dorothy Dickson and Lady Poulett, who was in white, too, with a ruby-red cloak

A Racing Reverie:

Writes-up, Owners and Jockeys

By "Regular"

Above, on the left, are Sir Delves Broughton and Lady Knollys at Chester races; above, right, Miss Hare and Major "Rattle" Barrett marking their cards while they walked round together at Hurst Park

Mr. Hobhouse and the Hon. Elizabeth Brand were two more of the big crowd that went racing at Hurst Park

Right: Miss Margaret Borthwick, the Hon. Ursula Balfour, and Miss Mary Borthwick racing at Kelso, at the United Border Hunt Spring Meeting

If you go round someone's stables and you write about them, you're on a hiding to nothing. In the pompous way we journalists have, you write: "A few evenings ago I was privileged to inspect the horses under the care of V. Skilful, and I have seldom had the good fortune to run my eye over a better collection of youngsters, while their general air of well-being and perfect condition redound the highest credit on Skilful, whose outstanding success in recent years has earned him the right to rank with such names as Osborne, Porter, and Taylor (Senior)."

What a lovely write-up for Skilful! you think he'll be as pleased as Punch, so you continue in the same strain: "I was particularly impressed with a charming filly, Blank, who, in many respects, reminds me of her well-liked sire, but in other respects reminds me still more of her much-liked dam. This one is sure to win nice races in the near future."

Well, the near future comes along, and Blank, by some unhappy coincidence, starts at 6 to 4. Every day you've been expecting a letter from Skilful thanking you for the write-up, but instead of a letter of thanks you get a piece of his mind when next you meet him. "I'll thank you not to write my horses up. Thanks to your —! —! —! —! interference, I get 6 to 4 to my money; you can take your —! —! paper and——!"

Next time you go round stables you go to the other extreme and write: "It is difficult to believe how the union of such a well-liked sire and such a much-liked dam could have produced so misshapen a filly as Disappointment. I doubt whether, despite her illustrious parentage, she will ever see a racecourse, much less win a race." Ten to one they're trying to sell it, and so you've blotted your copy-book again.

This was all brought about by the fact that, while I was at Newmarket, I was privileged to go round the stables of a very famous trainer, but except to tell you that the horses *looked* beautiful and were much liked by such good judges as Miss Monica Sheriffe and Mr. Harry Brown, I am prepared to tell you nothing.

Oh, yes, I think I might tell you that I saw the best-looking horse in training, and as he is never likely to start at longer odds than 6 to 4, I think I may chance it and tell you his name was Gold Bridge, and that he looked a picture.

Few ladies take their racing more seriously than Miss Sheriffe, whose colours were successful last year for the first time. So assiduously does she devote herself to the study of the sport of kings that she collects newspaper cuttings referring to famous racing people, not merely when their names are mentioned, but any nameless passages she thinks should refer to them.

It is always a source of amazement to me how sensitive racing people are. One has only to allude to some slightly discreditable incident or mention some vague individual you don't particularly care about, for at least half a dozen people you'd never thought of to cut you dead. If the cap fits, wear it, but, for Heaven's sake, don't put on one which is uncomfortable.

Foreigners seem to be winning a good proportion of our big races this year, but when the winning owner is such a grand sportsman as Mr. Woodward, we don't begrudge him his success one little bit, especially when the animal in question is sired by the King's stallion, Friar Marcus.

Few people in this country know Mr. Woodward even by sight, but Captain Boyd-Rochfort tells me that he is one of the most delightful men he has ever trained for, and he only wishes he had been there to see his filly's success.

Over-sanguine trainers have broken many owners, over-confident jockeys have broken still more. It's no use coming in after the race and saying: "I'm awfully sorry, Guv'nor, I ought to have trotted in; she was going so well I thought I could go and win my race whenever I liked."

I have never been able to understand the attraction of winning cleverly by a head. Nobody thinks any more of you for it. I am all for not giving animals an unnecessarily hard race, but, after all, owners don't keep horses to look at, and in return for a nice kind home and the best of everything, they must be induced to win races, even if it entails a "clout" with the whip.

Bad luck in the course of the race is one thing, but for jockeys to lose races through riding "too jolly" is an entirely different pair of shoes, and should be punishable by a week or two, during which time they should not be allowed to ride anything more difficult than a bicycle.

Even worse than the jockey who admits he *should* have won, is the jockey who declares he did win. This can be done at Newmarket, as they will always find some idiots ready to agree with them in contesting Mr. Hancock's decision.

I have brought this matter up this week, as at Newmarket there were two concrete instances. In the first instance, the jockey said: "I'm awfully sorry; I ought to have won a length." I agree with him, though it is no excuse, and precious little balm to the wounded pockets of the connections. The other jockey said: "I won a neck." There I must correct him. He ought to have won a neck, and landed a wonderful coup for a most deserving trainer, who nevertheless took his defeat in the best possible manner.

Now that's one of the reasons I'd sooner have Gordon up than anyone else. No cutting things fine with him. I'm not going so far as to say I've never seen Gordon lose a race he might possibly have won. Years ago I saw him hit one so hard he nearly knocked it over, but I have never seen him lose a race through taking things too easily, and I've seen him snatch many a race out of the fire when all appeared lost, and many a man would have given up.

Theatricalia

On Stage and Off

Binnie Hale conducting the orchestra while playing to the microphone for the purpose of making records, for the first time on record, in the Homeric's lounge when that vessel was just sailing for a pleasure cruise

A celebration party at the Gaiety. Mr. Randolph Churchill, Mr. Charles B. Cochran, the "presenter" of "Mother of Pearl," and Mr. Austin Trevor

Dallison

Dallison

Above: More gaiety at the Gaiety party. Miss Alice Delysia, who plays the principal part, the mother in "Mother of Pearl," and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon-Lennox

Right: Miss Sepha Treble, the heroine, Mr. A. P. Herbert, the author-adapter of this musical play, and Miss Eileen Carey. On the extreme right are Mr. T. Dryburgh and Miss Hilary Charles

Right: Miss Anna May Wong waving a greeting to England while on board the tender which took her from the s.s. Europa to Southampton Docks

Part of the Party seen at the Party at the Gaiety

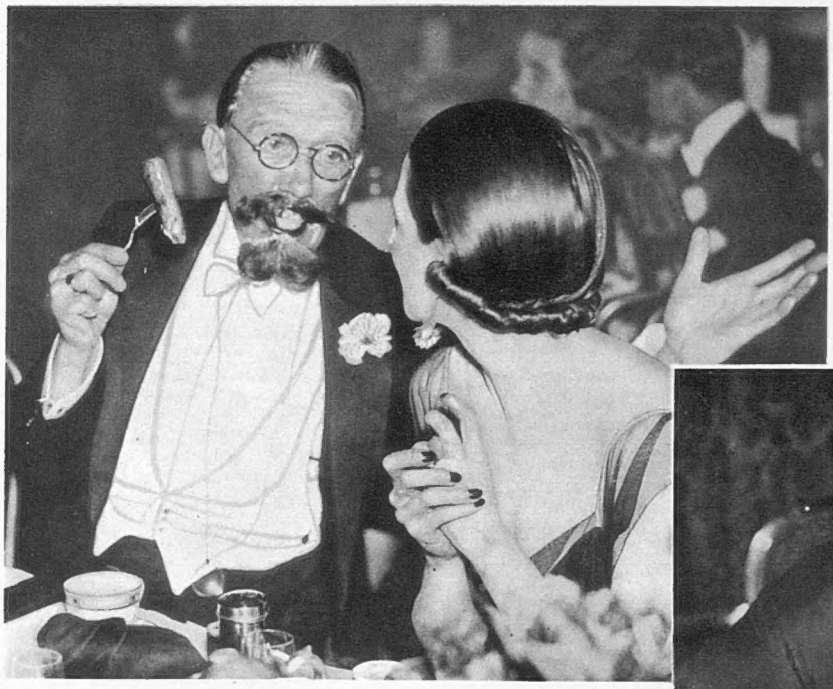
Dallison

Captain and Mrs. Pym at supper at Grosvenor House, where the Ball was held last week in aid of the Actors' Orphanage

Lady Dashwood was in Mr. and Mrs. John Dewar's party, and was sitting next her host when the camera was doing its rounds

But the Debs were There Too!

Non-Débutante Guests at the Débutantes' Ball



Mrs. Vreeland had as her neighbour "a Gentleman of the Ogpu," in other words, Sir Gerald du Maurier, in a most disguising disguise. Sir Gerald du Maurier, who came with Lady Charles Cavendish's party, arranged the All-Star Cabaret for the dance

Above: Mrs. Woolf Barnato doing a bit of hand-reading for Mr. Nick Prinsep; her "soothsaying" was evidently making Mr. Prinsep feel he had a rosy future

Left: another quartette at the Débutantes' Ball, which, like the modern deb, was smart, sophisticated and successful: Captain E. N. Menzies, Lady Portarlington, Kathleen, Lady Drogheda, and Mr. Claude Leigh

Hors d'Œuvres: *By "Caviare"*

MRS. TENNYSON D'EYNCOURT is such a sunny person, and her children, Jeremy and Philippa, are nearly as fair and pretty as their mother. Before her marriage, Mrs. d'Eyncourt and her sister, Mrs. George Phillipson, were known as "those lovely Gladstone girls."

GLIMPSED—
John Crichton laughing as he packed luggage into a car.
Baba Beaton, so lovely in an open Michael-Arlenish car.
Bertha Baron in her new Rolls.

HAS an Easter romance ended very abruptly?

PROVERBS from the prudent—
"A rolling stone, etc." for the charming son of ———.
"A bird in the hand . . ." for "Just-got-a-degree."
"Pride goes . . ." for a much-about-with-smart-people.

ONE—Lovely Miss Primrose Salt—yodelling.
Two—Audrey and Mona Simpson—smiling.
Three—Ladies Sybil, Mary, and Dorothy Lygon—riding.

HAS he? Will he? Why won't he? These are the questions, aren't they, little thin lady? Oh, dearie me, these modern men!

WHAT was the secret she whispered at the table under the stairs, and would he be very pleased if he knew that "Darling," "Dearest," and "My sweetest" all know now?

LADY OXFORD is always well and becomingly dressed, and she has a distinguished way of brushing her hair. Lady Curzon is another "not-so-very-young" who has style and good taste. I like her black and white effects tremendously. Lady Bullough is always beautifully turned out and very neat.

Lord Blandford, "the Big Butter and Eggs Man from the West"

An impression by Pat Charles of the latest Mayfair shopkeeper, the Marquess of Blandford, in the country-produce store which he opened a week or two ago in Berkeley Square. It is decorated in white, red, and green, and is called Lowesby Hall

PLUMP Peers—
Lord Elveden: jolly, good-humoured, and intelligent.
Lord Portarlington: witty, a good business man, and a personality.
Lord Castlerosse: brilliant, amusing, and a companion worth seeking.

NICKNAMES are increasing. Of course, you know all the famous ones—"Fruity," "Skipper," "Grimey," "Poots," and "Oggie," but there are others; and one very intimate one between two much in the limelight is making the cats smile.

Swaebe

Last week's selection from the extension-night parties: the Hon. Loraine Berry, Mr. Morgan Jones, Lady Fiona Fuller, Lord Roderick Pratt, and Sir Gerard Fuller

WHAT a perfect profile Lady Westmorland has. A little severe, perhaps, but very beautiful, and she moves gracefully. I wish London saw her more often—to my mind, she typifies the expression, "a great lady."

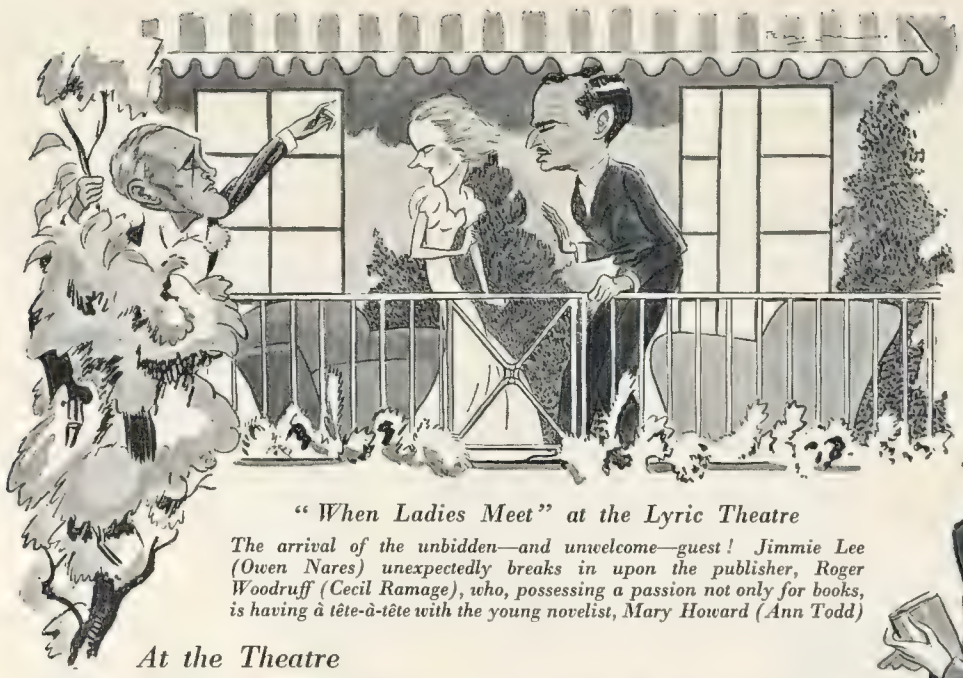
WHAT was the trouble at a golf-course, and was a "lovely" bunkered for once?

WHO are the best-looking M.P.'s? Sir Paul Lathom is undoubtedly one; Mr. David Margesson, of course; Captain Cunningham-Reid; and the most votes generally go to Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, with that so, so charming smile.

"WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to Brighton, Sir," she said.
"Can I come with you, my pretty maid?"
"Oh, yes, if you please, kind Sir," she said.
"But I can't marry you, my pretty maid."
"I've a husband already, Sir," she said.

HAS a lovely lady given up all hope where a baronet is concerned, and has she found a fair consolation?

FASCINATING—Lady Veronica Hornby.
Charming—Lady Margaret Stewart.
Attractive—Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper.
Lovely—Lady Stavordale.



"When Ladies Meet" at the Lyric Theatre

The arrival of the unbidden—and unwelcome—guest! Jimmie Lee (Owen Nares) unexpectedly breaks in upon the publisher, Roger Woodruff (Cecil Ramage), who, possessing a passion not only for books, is having à tête-à-tête with the young novelist, Mary Howard (Ann Todd)

At the Theatre

Thrills, Frills and Flummery

"Crime on the Hill"

THE authors of this piece, Jack De Leon and Jack Celestin, have concocted the most complicated, if ingenious, murder story imaginable, with a sublime disregard for construction, plausibility, and the golden rule which postulates that no audience can be expected to care a hoot who murdered who, if vital facts are kept back until the stroke of eleven.

There is a trial scene which converts a coroner's inquest into an assize court, the coroner obligingly performing the functions of counsel for the prosecution. As the coroner is one of those testy and truculent cock-sparrows which Sir Nigel Playfair invariably makes amusing, there is no need to quarrel with the authors on the score of jurisprudence. They might, however, borrow Sir Nigel's much-wielded quill pen and shorten these strange and repetitive proceedings by about ten minutes.

Hedged about by clouds of improbability and the usual array of decoys, including our old friend, the sinister butler, characterisation is altogether a minus quantity. In fact, the best part is that of the corpse (prussic acid) on whom the curtain ascended. Played by an unnamed actor this character did nothing and said nothing. In worse plight was Basil Foster, who had exchanged naval trappings for legal fustian. Where lay the destiny of this particular solicitor was apparent from the gigantic divan in his office. This human touch bespoke not only the squire of damsels in distress, but Hollywood in action. Or, rather, Elstree in eruption, for Sinclair Hill, to whom film fans will doff, is responsible for the production.

This favours the use of loud-speakers between whiles and various inset scenes, including one illuminating cameo of an electric snake to indicate broadcasting. From these mechanical excrescences the intelligence of the comprehending playgoer, already strained to bursting-point, recoiled to further thoughts of prussic acid.

"How D'You Do?

THE answer to the concerted question which Mr. Charlot and his army of authors, lyric-writers, composers, and what-not are asking is "Quite nicely, thanks." In revue, as in politics, a formula is the safest means to an end. Revue, so far, has only thought of one formula—song, dance, sketch; sketch, dance, song—and until someone discovers a better one, we do at least know where we are. At the Comedy there is no mistake as to our whereabouts, for this Charlot show is true to type, which means that there is plenty to choose from, no glut of scenery, and a pleasant make-yourself-at-home atmosphere of after-dinner entertainment. Supported by a posse of persevering young men who can sing and dance a bit (Edward Cooper, Tony Sympson, Eric Fawcett, John Ralfe, and Arthur Macrae, the chief author), and a bevy of similarly gifted young ladies (Iris March, Queenie Leonard, and Phyllis Gillespie), Douglas Byng and Frances Day mingle the essence of cabaret with their own particular brand of sauce piquante, while Edward Chapman, that good all-rounder, rattles off a dozen character-studies. Picking out the tit-bits à la carte, my vote goes to the trio of "Cads," Douglas Byng as a tree more sinned against than sinning, Douglas Byng as Boadicea to Edward Chapman's Nero, in a lively burlesque of Rome under the Milles, the Ballet, *On the Quay*, the concerted Rumba (for its tang and transparencies), and, best of all, Herbert Farjeon's witty Cowardism, *Mad About the Noel*. As a platinum siren with almost a surfeit of personality, Miss Day is the embodiment of bubble and squeak. Ord Hamilton's music is not quite Ordinary enough for my low-caste ear.

"When Ladies Meet"

MISS RACHEL CROTHERS'S ladies (and gentlemen), meet in old barn bedrooms jazzed-up for smart, week-ending New Yorkers, who know the significance of adjoining rooms, and, taking their cue from their hostess, the merriest of widows (Marie Tempest), are too charming and well-bred to make a bourgeois fuss about an odd spot of casual sin.

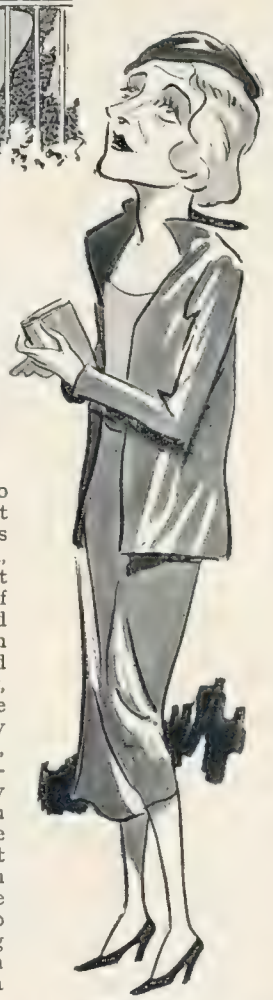
The idea is that Mary (Ann Todd) shall put the kernel of her new novel to a real-life test by saying in effect to Claire (Mary Newcomb): "I love Roger, your husband and my publisher (Cecil Ramage), so much, and he me, that surely you, as an understanding woman and a good wife, will give him up—Yes, No?"

Claire's answer being a firm negative, Roger tactfully turns down Mary, only, we gather, to face domesticity minus a wife whose eyes flash a new and ominous look. We further gather that the persistent Jimmie (Owen Nares), who engineered the meeting of once-complacent wife and prospective mistress on approval, will in due course marry the novelist.

This much-vaunted piece from New York abounds in sharp sayings, mainly about love, and assumes a glamour which gives it a good surface value. The talk flows airily on, flashing out crisply whenever Marie Tempest, in a slender part, is in charge.

When Ladies Meet is not a critic's play, but it is good entertainment and good theatre. Mary Newcomb's big scene is a triumph for the iron hand in the velvet glove.

TRINCULO.



Claire Woodruff (Mary Newcomb), the publisher's long-suffering wife, who eventually leaves him for ever

SKETCHES BY ROUSON

Bridget Drake (Marie Tempest) only feels safe if she has two men, Walter Manners (Ivan Samson) and Jimmie Lee (Owen Nares) to tuck her in

Idols in Wood: No. 5. The Versatile Bricklayer and the Blonde Venus

The fifth pair of wooden idols are the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill and Marlene Dietrich. These models are carved in wood and coloured by hand by Mr. S. D. Banks, and stand about twenty inches high. The originals of these and the figures previously reproduced in this series are for sale

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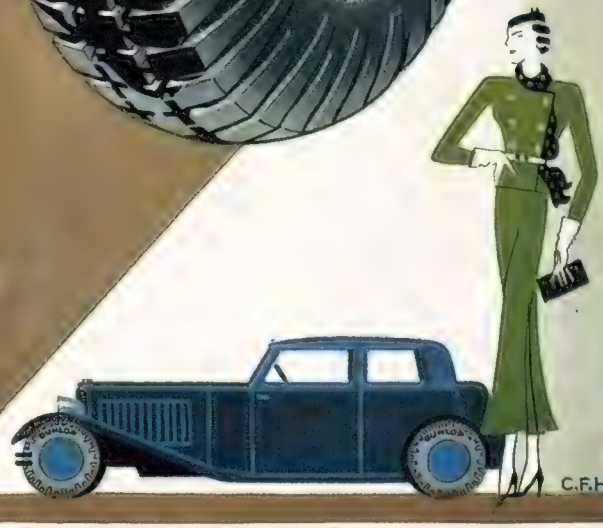


Passing Picture Show

A Farewell to— Mr. Hemingway

By Sydney Tremayne

DREADFUL things can happen to one. Imagine going forth expectantly to meet, after a lapse of time, people you have known intimately, in whose experiences you have, imaginatively, participated and, in this mood of emotional anticipation, finding yourself face to face with strangers, masqueraders using the familiar names: Catherine Barkley, Frederick Henry, Rinaldi, Ferguson, speaking, at startling intervals, the very words they have spoken, enacting scenes from the lives of the people you have known, but with amazing and confusing differences. You realise that you are looking at these people and events through someone else's eyes—through the eyes of a film producer! A nightmare experience.

It should not have been done. If a love story about an American, serving with the Italian Red Cross, and an English nurse was wanted it was not really necessary to have used the names of Mr. Hemingway's people and the title of his book or, if they thought his name and his title commercially important, some attempt should have been made to keep intact the characterisation or, at least, the story as he told it. It was a much better story than the commonplace one which has been substituted, with its time-tattered expedients of intercepted letters and lovers' partings.

The film called *Farewell to Arms* is really a churlish farewell to Mr. Hemingway. And yet, curiously enough, something of the glamorous vitality of his book persists, at any rate in the earlier sequences, in which an attempt is made to reproduce his scene and in which excerpts from the original dialogue are put into the mouths of the puppets—characters most distractedly in search of their own author. His sentences cut through the welter of cinema shibboleths, and fall from the lips of people who, apart from the words, do not exist, clean and explicit and realistic. They are almost painfully expressive of the characters and situations they originally interpreted. They evoke reminiscent recognition which is immediately shattered. But that their implications should persist is a triumphant answer to Mr. Hemingway's style and method.

A scene from "Farewell to Arms," with Adolphe Menjou cynically telling his "war brother," Gary Cooper, that wine, women and song are better occupations for an evening than writing love-letters

Left: Helen Hayes scores a success with quiet and restrained acting in the part of the English nurse in the screen version of Ernest Hemingway's war novel, "Farewell to Arms," which is at the Carlton

THE beginning of the picture was not so bad. Adolphe Menjou was evidently going to enjoy himself and make us enjoy him as the effervescent, demonstrative Italian army surgeon, Rinaldi, "all fire and smoke and nothing inside." One could accept Gary Cooper as the laconic American, Henry; he looked quite splendidly attractive in Italian uniform. One knew, of course, that some of the "man's talk" about the girls at the Villa Rossa, who, as time went on, ceased to be just girls and became "old war comrades," would have to be cut, but the spirit of the interchanges between the two men was rather well maintained.

Then there entered Helen Hayes, quite gratuitously labelled Catherine Barkley. In place of the tall, fair English girl, magnificent in her indifference to orthodoxy and her courageous surrender to love, a small, wistful dreamy-eyed, pursed-lipped American, ethereally lighted against a background of Californian vegetation, every leaf sentimentalised by the "treatment" afforded it by Mr. Frank Borgage and his camera-men.

From this Madonna-ish creature Catherine's recklessness of speech and action come strangely, shockingly, and the exigencies of film-making which demanded the speeding-up of the preliminaries to her love-affair made this conventionalised deputy still more unconvincing.

THE picture, as an adaptation of the novel, goes from bad to worse. For some inexplicable reason, the light-hearted Rinaldi is transformed into something between a villain and an imbecile and, in a censorial capacity, prevents Catherine's letters from reaching Frederick and his from reaching her. Entirely ignoring the essential candour of the lovers' relationship, the film producers proceed to discard Catherine's character and Mr. Hemingway's story, causing her to go off to Switzerland alone without telling her lover that she is going to have a baby.

WE have some very Borgage war scenes as a background for Henry's desertion. The character of "Fergie," her relation to Catherine and her hysterical outburst were, perhaps, too psychological for the screen, but what possible excuse is there for entirely obliterating one of the most beautiful and consolatory elements of the book, when Frederick and Catherine are together, in idyllic and domestic intimacy, at the little chalet in Switzerland, before her baby is born? It is their relationship during this time, more than all the excitement and passion and adventure of the war episodes, which gives the final tragedy its poignancy. And it is almost incredible that the last terrible scenes in the hospital could have been reduced to the crude bathos in which a be-curled and eyelash-blackened Helen Hayes pretends, so utterly ineffectually, to be a woman dying after prolonged labour and a terrible Cæsarian operation. Gary Cooper, who had manfully struggled to retain something of the reality of his rôle throughout, could do no more at this juncture than dishevel his hair and appear bedraggled.

ONE has heard of the tribulations of bowdlerised authors before, but no one has had more cause for bitter complaint than Mr. Hemingway. The feelings of the creator are unimaginable when a mere reader can feel so deeply affronted.

But what of the picture as a picture, leaving Mr. Hemingway and his book out of it, as the producers have so nearly succeeded in doing? Well, if you like your Frank Borgage and his "artistic" effects—light gleaming on steel helmets and women's hair and so on—if you find Helen Hayes so sweet, Gary Cooper so thrilling, and Adolphe Menjou so amusing, and you do not mind much what they are supposed to be doing or what manner of people they are supposed to be representing, then there is everything that a film fan could desire and has learned to expect in *Farewell to Arms*—"the greatest emotional film ever made."

Going to the Pictures

Private View Day at the Royal Academy

Sir Josiah and Lady Stamp arriving at Burlington House for the annual struggle to get a "private view" of the pictures of the year

Lady Essendon was with her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Ian Napier. Lord Essendon was Sir Frederick Lewis before he became a Peer

Above: Sir Lionel Earle, the Permanent Secretary to the Office of Works, and Lady Earle were two more private-viewers

The Hon. Maurice Brett and his daughter, Miss Angela Brett, were there together

And so were Mrs. de Burgh Whyte, and her daughter, Miss de Burgh Whyte

Right: Viscountess Ridley, who is Sir Edwin Lutyens's daughter, arriving with the Countess of Erne

Above : Sir William Llewellyn, the President, speaking at the Royal Academy banquet after the Private View. The Duke of Gloucester was the guest of honour, and is on Sir William Llewellyn's right

Left : Miss Paravicini and Miss Penelope Massey made an attractive-looking couple going round the rooms

Below : Mr. J. B. Paget and his daughter Miss Winifred Paget, back in Piccadilly after doing their round

Right : Sir William and Lady Jowitt on their way in to look at the pictures

Fathers and daughters together were a fashion at the Private View ; Lord Jessel was with his younger daughter, the Hon. Doreen Jessel

Lord Conway, the famous explorer and connoisseur, was with Lady Melchett, whose husband figures in the Academy, by Glyn Philpotts

Mrs. Edward Lascelles, Lady Maureen Stanley and the Duchess of Norfolk at the gathering of the Yorkshire Women's Advisory Committee of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations held at Leeds

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

I SAID last week that Mr. MacDonald stole Mr. Chamberlain's Budget limelight. He did more than that. He monopolised the stage and the wings; he distracted the Chancellor's audience; he jostled him in the Press; and now he has even seen to it that if there is any favourable reaction to the Budget—and there may be—he can reap the fruits of it as Chairman of the World Economic Conference.

THE PREMIER has already put the Foreign Secretary in the shade; to all intents and purposes, he has sent the Chancellor to join him there. Mr. MacDonald's interest in the Navy and the Air Force, and his ambition to settle the Indian problem are well-known. Since the visit to Rome, can Mr. MacDonald have become imbued with some simple ideas on economy? After all, Mussolini holds six Cabinet posts.

THERE have never been such Budget debates as those of the last two weeks. At times the House looked as though it were a Private Members' day, and if a count were to be held, it would be successful. For all I know, if one had been taken, it probably would have been. The Whips didn't care; Captain Margesson looked more bored than usual.

SIR GERVAIS RENTOUL staged a come-back on Economy, which was brave of him, since it was the Economy Report of the 1922 Committee which drove him into the outer darkness. His chairmanship of the Committee has made him suspect as a sort of unofficial Under-Secretary for the Government's support; but the Government (in this case, Mr. Baldwin), having done their best to get him the job of City Remembrancer, and having failed, now feel they need do nothing more about him.

ANOTHER come-back was Mr. Macquisten's. He has a reputation as a wit. His speeches are supposed to be as good as Bernard Shaw's and better than anything you will hear in the music-halls. The Commons, of course, is a dull place. I do not think Mr. Macquisten would be found very amusing anywhere outside; though I would not for the world do anything to undermine the only Parliamentary reputation he has, and one, moreover, which he has spent so much time and labour in acquiring.

HE sits for Argyllshire, where, maybe, they understand him better than I do, but he used to sit for Glasgow, Springburn, until they turned him out; a Red seat if ever there was one, though it went surprisingly blue in 1931 when it returned Mr. Emmott to Westminster.

MR. CHARLES EMMOTT is the perfect M.P. of fiction. He wears a tall hat, a black coat, pale grey trousers. He carries a little leather bag. He wears a frown. He is taken up with Important Affairs. He has Problems. They must be thought out, and people shall see him thinking. As he is six feet three, you cannot help seeing him. Mr. Emmott is the most impressive sight in Parliament to-day. Age? Thirty-five.

I MUCH deplore the habit some back-benchers have of always speaking "with humility." They even offer their congratulations "humbly," and they bring forward their suggestions "with deference." They forget that Ministers would not be where they are to-day if it were not for their support. It is not a manner of speech; it is an attitude of mind.

CAPTAIN HAROLD BALFOUR is an offender. He was so humble last week that really I wonder how he spoke at all. Why he spoke is another matter; I imagine to please his constituents—they like to see their Member's name in the newspapers; there can be no other reason.

CAPTAIN BALFOUR sits for the Isle of Thanet, which used to be represented by Mr. Esmond Harmsworth. In those days, the constituency was the centre of the universe; now, like its member, it takes a back seat.

I CONTINUE to hear rumours of Sir John Reith's transference to another great national institution, though it will not come to pass, if it does then, for at least another six months. If he leaves the B.B.C., who will take his place? Mr. Harold Macmillan might do. He has all the round-table qualities the B.B.C. seem to desire, except, perhaps, his name is too British-sounding; but that he might change.

MR. MACMILLAN—Memorandum Macmillan—is the last of the Y.M.C.A. The others have all grown up. Mr. Oliver Stanley, the hot gospeller of the past, is a Minister now, and concerned with more pedestrian affairs than putting the world to rights by distributing the milk of human kindness. Mr. Boothby has become embittered and businesslike. Perhaps he will tell Mr. Macmillan what he thinks of his firm publishing *The Socialisation of Banking*, by Oscar Sachse, with an introduction by Sir Stafford Cripps.

JUNE 12th is the next great day in our rough island story. Mr. MacDonald is a born host. He will do the world's delegates well. He will treat them as colleagues. But should things go badly, where will he leave for? His favourite card has gone by his holding the Conference in London. Of course, there will be Ascot, and then Lord's, then Goodwood and Cowes; and, if the worst comes to the worst, Balmoral, Dunrobin, Mount Stewart.

M.P's Off to the R.A.

Lady Davison and Sir William Davison. Sir William has been Conservative Member for South Kensington since 1918

Lady Wood and Sir Kingsley Wood, M.P. for Woolwich since 1918, and has been Postmaster-General since 1931

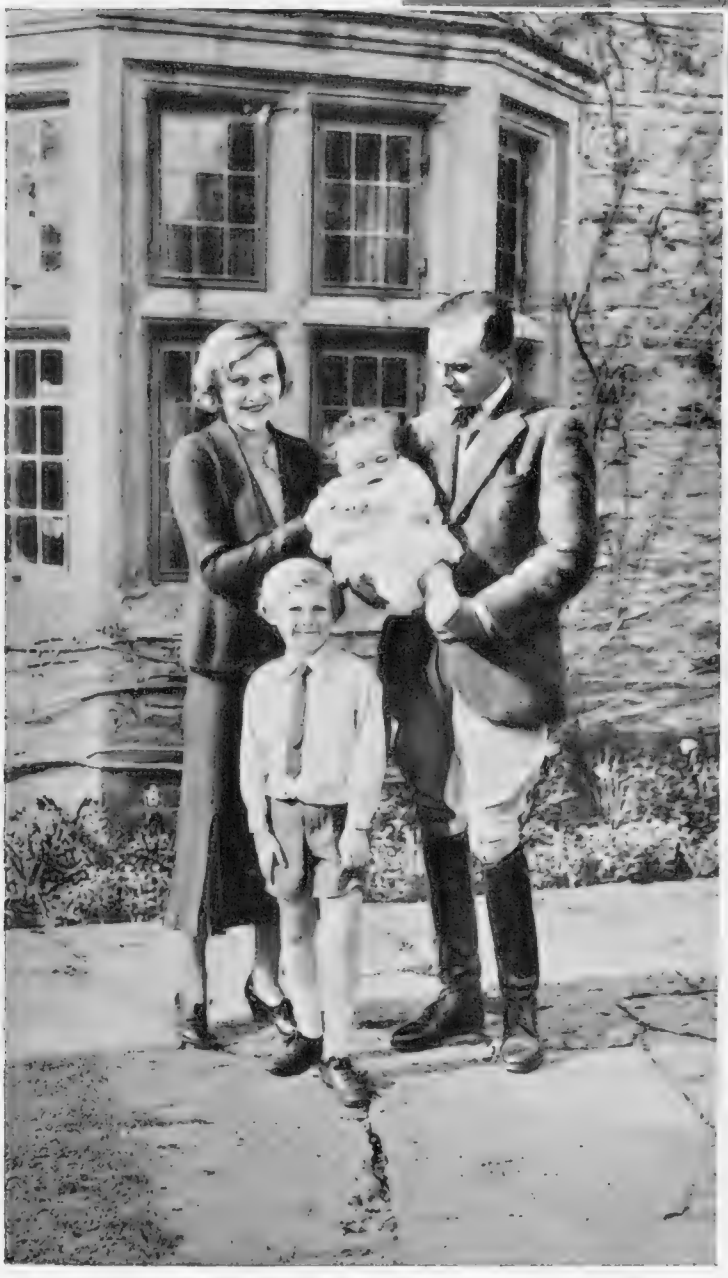
Country Days

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Sheffield at their Gloucestershire Home

Photographs by Swaebe

A Reflected Family

Mrs. Reggie Sheffield and Serena Sheffield watching Archie Kidston trying to catch a goldfish. Archie Kidston is Mrs. Sheffield's son by her first husband, the late Lieut.-Com. Glen Kidston



Quartette at Easton Grey

Mr. Reginald Sheffield is Sir Berkeley Sheffield's second son; he and Mrs. Sheffield were married in 1931, and have one daughter, Serena. The Sheffields spend most of their time in the country, and were hunting regularly in Gloucestershire this last season

Another photograph of Mrs. Sheffield and her two children in the grounds at Easton Grey, her lovely home in the Cotswolds

If Gossip We Must . . .

Sur-Tax and Savings—The Indian Danger—The Academy and the Critics—Opera at Covent Garden

ELEVEN thousand fewer people are paying sur-tax. That is to me one of the more vivid revelations of the Neville Chamberlain Budget, though it has passed unsung, if not unwept. On the other hand, deposits in Post Office Savings Banks have leapt up by some millions.

Now from this let us draw a little lesson. The people who use the P.O. banks are, for the most part, those who pay no income-tax whatever. As a result of this exemption they are able to do what precious few others can do—save money.

Yet if anyone were to suggest that the income-tax standard were to be lowered in order to rope in, at any rate, some of those who now escape it, there would be an indignant yelp from every demagogue from Land's End to John o' Groat's.

These people who, good luck to 'em, have managed to save money, also manage to have their children educated free and often fed free, to enjoy a variety of "perks" and pickings which the taxpayer does not, and to allow the State to shoulder most of their responsibilities.

THIS condition of affairs may be desirable. From the Socialist point of view it certainly is. But do not let the upholders of that point of view talk about the misery and wretchedness of such a system and of the Dawning of the Great Day when the rich shall be made poorer to make the poor richer.

That day has already dawned, and I have quoted a sufficient proof of the fact.

ANOTHER not imposing sidelight on the situation is that the democratic inculcation of spending as much as possible is obviously not practised in democratic circles.

"Throw money about! Don't save! Economy campaigns are a dangerous mistake!"—those are the slogans used by orators of the proletariat.

But apparently it is only wicked for the income-tax payer to save money—if he can, poor devil!

John Everard

Above: a view of the cocktail-bar, designed in mock-heraldic style with the table-tops representing titles of well-known inns, at the Garter Club, 52, Grosvenor Street

Below: Gabriel Perry (Henry Oscar) threatening to kill his wife (Barbara Couper) for informing the police that he is a murderer. A scene from "Wild Justice," at the Hammersmith Lyric Theatre

Janet Jevons

Iris March, an actress of promise, playing in André Charlot's new revue, "How D'You Do?" which has lately been produced at the Comedy

TO which one may add that indirect taxation, the only sort of taxation paid by the P.O. Savings Bank class of the community, has been lowered in the matter of beer, which is exceedingly pleasant for beer drinkers.

Other beverages which are consumed to a considerable extent by the direct taxpayers have not been relieved at all, and whisky still pays a duty of no less than 8s. 6d. a bottle.

In face of this, how can Socialists criticise Mr. Chamberlain's rather depressing effort as "a Rich Man's Budget"? How can Sir Stafford Cripps suggest that the working man has been left out in the cold, etc., etc., etc., ad nauseam?

IF Dominion status for India, which only a few Tory Die-hards have had the gumption to oppose, comes into being, there is likely to be another burden of anything between £300,000,000 and £400,000,000 on the shoulders of the British taxpayer.

The Indian extremists, patted on the the back by the Socialist at home, will repudiate the debt as sure as the Almighty made little apples, though it is only fair to explain that the pledging of British credit to support Indian finance was not the work of a Socialist Prime Minister. "Safeguards" exist, but they are not worth the paper on which they are written, as we have experienced from Mr. De Valera and the Irish Free State.

Mr. Gandhi and his merry men will not be slow to follow Mr. De Valera's example. Indeed, Mr. Patel, who is one of the most reasonable of them, has frankly declared that they will.

WITH such alarums and excursions as these, one should sing "God Save the King" with added fervour. But not twice on the same occasion.

I have long regarded as somewhat comic—it would be difficult to say precisely why—the sight of a large assemblage of people standing while the National Anthem is played on a gramophone. When we had done this at the première at the Lyric Theatre the other night, and, hitching coats or cloaks (according to sex) about our shoulders, were herding towards the exit doors, the damned gramophone started again, and we all stood to attention while it was played, the whole of it, a second time.

Can it be that there is a movement afoot to "plug" this august tune?

John Everard

Above: an outstanding feature of the new Garter Club. A fine drawing in the Boucher style, which occupies a big space on one of the walls of the restaurant

THE position of the selection committee of the Royal Academy is not an enviable one. They are apt to get kicked in the pants whatever they do. If they avoid eccentricities, they are called stick-in-the-mud. If they admit some examples of the latest and more erratic developments, they are subject to the "hideous-meaningless-daubs" type of attack. The former type is the more frequent.

The reason is that only two or three papers engage an art critic of judgment and experience. There are a few such critics, and they are good. But the usual method of dealing with the annual exhibition at Burlington House is to send along someone to get "a story."

That is to say, a bright young reporter, who knows nothing at all about pictures and is without the least shred of expert equipment, is given a column to fill, with instructions to make it snappy and readable.

It doesn't matter if this contribution has little to do with art. That is quite a minor consideration.

At the opening of Quaglino's newly-decorated grill-room, the Western Brothers entertained in the restaurant that evening and during the week, and they are here depicted telling a sympathetic audience about the Rabbi who threw his three children out of the window because they contracted German measles

THE method adopted by these gentry—not infrequently a woman reporter gets busy, too—is to abuse the whole exhibition violently, or to adopt towards it an attitude of facetious superiority.

There are plenty of good pictures in any show of this size, and plenty of bad ones, too. But how many of those who write so glibly about them could tell their readers why any picture is good or bad?

Yet millions read these "funny" comments on the work of artists of, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, sincerity, ability, or even genius.

AN artist may be sickened, at least financially damaged for years, by a printed remark of

Sasha

Lady Curtis Bennett and Mr. Beddington, of Shell-Mex House, caught in the front of the Jaeger Stand at the National Sporting Trophies Exhibition held at Shell-Mex House

"Flaming Youth"

One of the turns given by Romano's Young Ladies in the cabaret artistique given at Romano's well-known restaurant

some smart Alec who doesn't know as much about art as a taxi-driver or a deck-hand—probably less. It is grossly unfair.

Genuine and analytical criticism, based on knowledge and experience, is another kettle of fish. But it is pretty rare.

OPERA at Covent Garden is apt also to come in for the same sort of treatment, both on paper and by word of mouth, apparently because it is, like the Royal Academy, an established institution. A poor enough reason; yet such is the way of the modern world

This year, however, the reception generally has been more favourable, and in many quarters even enthusiastic. This is partly due to the association of Sir Thomas Beecham with the season

I can remember the time, not so very long ago, when Tommy Beecham was assailed pretty rudely by almost everybody He was conducting then just as brilliantly as he is now.

This, again, is the way of the world.

ANOTHER cause for enthusiasm is the intrinsic merit of the performances at the beautiful old theatre, which may fall under the housebreaker's picks before another year is out. Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*, with a fine cast, is a genuine attraction, musical as well as fashionable—and fashionable people can be musical. *The Ring* has started well, with a Bayreuth Festival cast, and there is every prospect that the season will be a successful one in every way.

Col. Blois, the managing director, was much missed on the opening night; when the National Anthem was being played (only once) he was lying seriously ill in a nursing home. As I write, the report of his condition, is, I am glad to say, more favourable.

Polly Luce

who plays the lead in a new show called "Cat's Whiskers," shortly coming to London. It is introduced by Laurence Grossmith, and Davy Burnaby, Sydney Fairbrother, and Ena Grossmith are also figuring in the strong cast

WHO'S WHOOEY

No. 12.—Miss Wilhelmina Stitch

MISS STITCH'S fragrant poetry is written in a minor key, for Flaming Passion, Sex and Vice and other subjects scarcely nice which poets—oh! the naughty men!—will write of every now and then, are not at all the sort of thing about which SHE delights to sing.

Her work is modelled on a plan you'd scarcely call Swinburnian, nor does she show the wish to court the D. H. Lawrence school of thought. Her Fragrant Minutes never seek to bring a blush to damask cheek, but, rather, shed an aura bright of sweet simplicity and light.

The darling little robin which may nest close to the Maison Stitch and daily comes to sing his fill upon the bathroom window-sill, can raise her Muse to dizzy heights, for it is plain that she delights in simple sound and homely sight (provided both are quite polite).

Day in, day out, her rhyming prose (set forth in just the way that those you see herewith are bedded out) drives off dull care, gloom, woe, and doubt by telling of an inward cheer that's born of something more than beer. Oh, where the blazes should we be without our dose of Fragrancy?

B. W.

Viscountess Astor making a speech at Foyle's Literary Luncheon given at Grosvenor House. On her left is Mrs. Clifford Bax, and on her right Mr. Clifford Bax

Delirious Dialogues : No. 13. Mary Pickford and Alfonso, Ex-King of Spain

(Written and Depicted by A. J. Bovey)

Alfonso : *You seem a little disconsolate, Miss Pickford. Nothing wrong, I trust?*

Mary : *Your Majesty!*

Alfonso : *Pardon me, but I am "Your Majesty" no longer—just plain Mr. Bourbon.*

Mary : *As a matter of fact, I'm just plain Miss Smith, but let's forget it.*

Alfonso : *Agreed. But why the depression?*

Mary : *Isn't it enough to give a little girl the blues? Nobody wants me. Nobody cares. And to think that I was once the Queen of Hearts.*

Alfonso : *If it comes to that, I was once the King of Spain. But let's forget that, too.*

Mary : *It's these doggone talkies that have left me flat. I was good for another ten years as the World's Sweetheart. The old wig still fits. I've had the old frock let out, and I can still act pure and simple. But my public jest can't bear my voice.*

Alfonso : *Too bad! But the public was ever fickle. I've spent my life amusing them. I've been gay, picturesque, amusing. Admittedly, I have spent most of my time abroad—but they could always read about me in the papers. Then suddenly—your American song says "Life becomes a bowl of raspberries," and I have to keep out of my country altogether. But you shouldn't worry, Mary; if you are no longer the World's Sweetheart, there are many hearts where you still reign."*

Mary : *How charming you are, Your Majesty.*

Alfonso : *It's an old Spanish custom.*

By Appointment to
H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

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"Myself When Young . . ."

Miss Dorothy Hyson Yesterday and To-Day

Photos by Yvonne Gregory and Marcus Adams

Miss Dorothy Hyson is the attractive daughter of Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hyson. Besides being a very popular member of the younger set in London, she has shown no small talent as an actress, and after her performance in Ivor Novello's play, "Flies in the Sun," a number of people who should know took it upon themselves to predict a big future for her on the stage

Left: "The Green Bay Tree" at the St. Martin's. Leonora Yale (Catherine Lacey) is asking her fiancé, Julian (Hugh Williams): "Is he watching us?"; and the answer is, "He's out there in the darkness." "He" is Mr. Dulcimer, played by Frank Vosper, the evil influence which ruins Julian's life

Right: Jessie Matthews, who is playing with Sonnie Hale in a play by Dion Titheridge entitled "Sally Who?" which was produced at Streatham, and, after a tour, will be staged in the West-End

In circle: Celia Johnson, who plays the heroine in "Ten Minute Alibi," which has passed its hundredth night at the Haymarket Theatre

Left: "He Wanted Adventure" at the Saville. Ziska Morenski (Marie Burke) and Bobby Bramstone (Bobby Howes) in one of Bobby's adventures which he wanted—and managed to get in a dream

Sasha

Dreams, idle dreams, of Bobby Bramstone (Bobby Howes), who wanted adventure. This is another scene from one of London's biggest successes, "He Wanted Adventure," at the Saville Theatre. The above was the start of a dream which became more and more exciting the longer Bobby slept, and the dream is a long one

Louis Hayward and Leonora C

Mannell

Pollard Crowther

Corbett in "Beggars in Hell"

Above: Carol Goodner taking the part of the "hard-boiled" Mrs. Packard, the American wife who excites her husband to frenzy and whose quarrel scene with Mr. Packard, played by Lyn Harding, is one of the most entertaining scenes in "Dinner at Eight" at the Palace Theatre

Left: "Beggars in Hell" at the Garrick. Arthur Winter (Louis Hayward) declares his love for Mrs. Marriott (Leonora Corbett), and it is obvious that she returns it or she would not call him her "Fluffy chicken" most assuredly in this Anglo-Indian melodrama

Seen and Scenes

On the Stage

Plays and Players Pictured

Miss Evelyn Blois

Miss Evelyn Blois is the eldest daughter of the Rev. Gervase and the Hon. Mrs. Blois, and a niece of Lord Hampton. Her father is the youngest brother of Sir Ralph Blois. Miss Blois, who is eighteen, is being presented at Court by her mother

Miss Hope Madden

Above: Miss Hope Madden is the daughter of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden and Lady Madden. Her mother, who is presenting her, is a sister of Lady Jellicoe

Left: Lady Ann Villiers is one of the youngest of this year's debs; she is only seventeen this year. She is Lord Jersey's younger sister, and the daughter of Lady Cynthia Slessor, formerly Countess of Jersey

Below: another "naval" débutante is the only child of Vice-Admiral Eric Fullerton and the Hon. Mrs. Fullerton. Her father is C.-in-C. at Devonport; her mother is a daughter of the late Lord Fisher

The Lady Ann Villiers

Presentation Pieces

Five Débutantes Who are Going to Court

Miss Patricia Heneage

Left: Miss Patricia Heneage is the elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Arthur Pelham Heneage, of Walesby Hall, Lincoln. Her father has been M.P. for Louth since 1924. Mrs. Heneage, who is presenting her daughter, is a daughter of the late Brig.-General N. D. Findlay, C.B., R.A.

Miss Katharine Fullerton

Photographs by Hay Wrightson and Bassano

THE WORLD'S FASTEST GREYHOUNDS ON THE WORLD'S FINEST TRACK...

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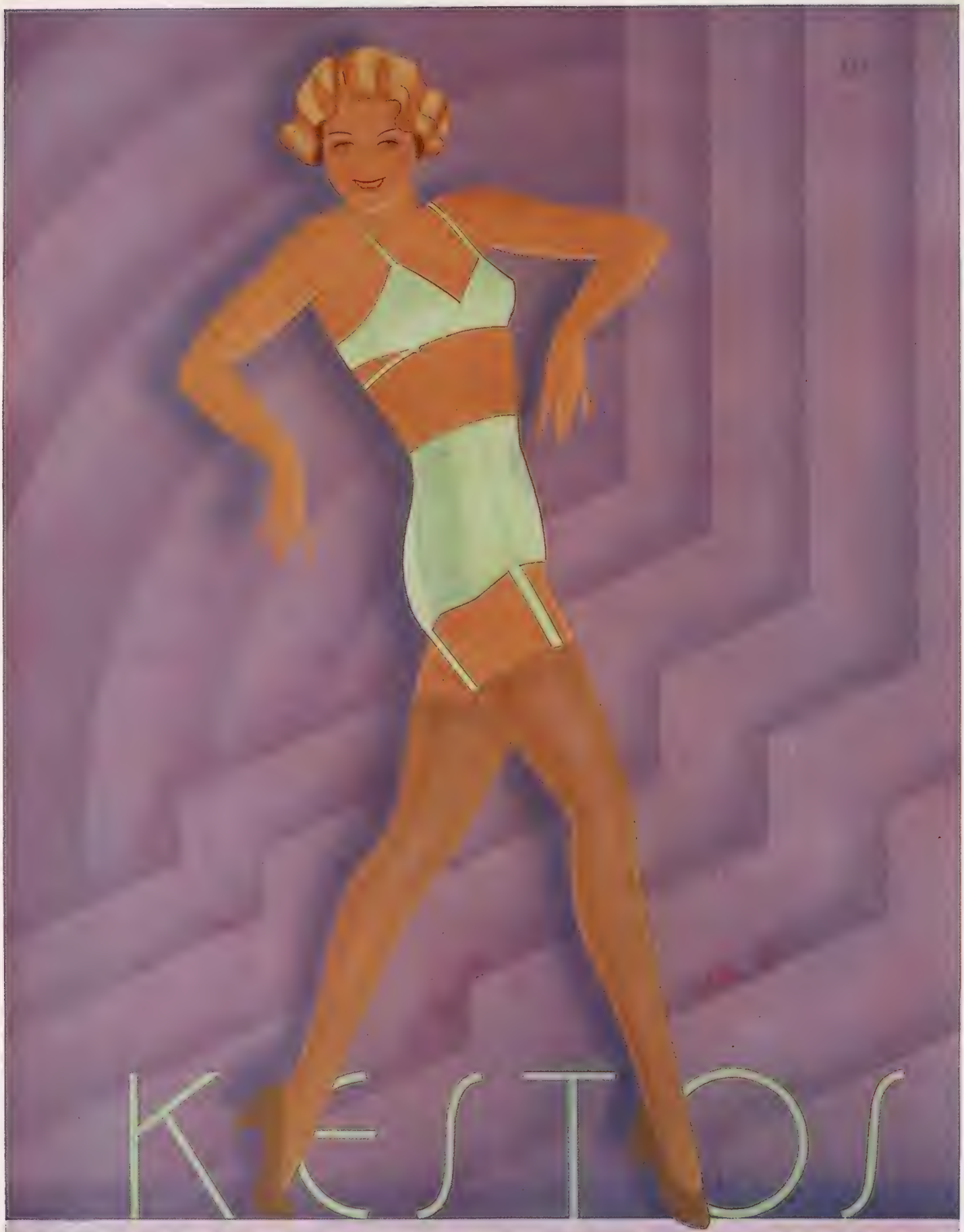

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Causton

A Portfolio of Fashion compiled weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

GOUPY designed the wide-brimmed hat below and Debenhams very wisely bought it. It is made of black straw with crêpe de Chine flowers cut out and pasted on to the upper side of the brim, the under side is plain. The tiny toque of organdie flowers is a copy of a Maria Guy model, and Debenhams make this in almost any colour

NIKOLAS, of Berkeley Square, is responsible for the design of this summer suit worn by Mrs. R. W. Crawford. It is carried out in a pale blue and dark blue loosely woven material and the dress beneath the short coat is backless. This costume may be obtained from Richard Sands, and the white satin béret comes from Mary Manners

A SHORT jacket of royal blue jersey patterned in a self-colour diamond design is worn over a natural colour jersey dress, checked diagonally in royal blue. This is a Malita model, and so is the suit on the right, which is carried out in an uncrushable red, white and black linen tweed and has a black and white scarf. This costume can be obtained from Eve Valère

Furs at Summer Prices

A SHOULDER cape of shaved lamb with a hamster scarf collar comes from Peter Robinson

A DOUBLE skin kolinsky tie from the City Fur Store is priced at 3 gns.

A BROADTAIL cape from Peter Robinson has a long end which buttons on one shoulder

THE CITY FUR STORE, always renowned for the excellence of their furs and for their extremely reasonable prices, is showing a good selection of moderately-priced full length coats, two of which are sketched above. One is of hamster in an attractive shade of brown, and the other is of shaved lamb, which may be obtained in either grey or beige. Fifteen guineas is the average price for coats of this description

Books of the Week

Six Princes: By "Ericus"

"THE damndest millstones that were ever hanged round the neck of any government," was Wellington's typically unflattering description of the sons of George III. Their political dabblings must certainly have proved a sore trial in an age when the man in the street was enthusiastically discovering politics for himself, when Whig and Tory were literally at each other's throats, and the glorious fervour of Eatanswill was already casting its shadow forward over the rough-and-tumble of the General Elections. Nor is it only on political grounds that their reputations have suffered. This problem of their reputations—the vexed question as to "whether their public lives were quite so trivial, and their private lives quite so scandalous, as is generally supposed"—is elucidated by Mr. Roger Fulford in his admirable study of the lives of "Farmer George's" six younger sons, *Royal Dukes* (Duckworth; 12*s.* 6*d.*). The eldest son, George IV., he ignores, except as an unpleasant factor in their careers.

THE Royal Family of the period was quite remarkably unpopular. Indeed, membership of it appears to have entailed immediate qualification as a perpetual and gratuitous Aunt Sally, a never-failing source of inspiration to every caricaturist and lampoonist in the country. And yet the facts, as Mr. Fulford relates them, are scarcely consistent with such an orgy of hate. Frederick, Duke of York—"most kind and best-natured of princes," when he was dead—the general, who, you will remember, performed certain unproductive manœuvres on a hill with ten thousand men, was discredited, as a strategist, by an incompetent government, and, as an administrator, by a mercenary and disloyal mistress. William IV. was a bluff, straightforward sailor, with the eccentricities of his kind, eccentricities surely rather attractive than otherwise, such as his strolling along St. James's Street with his arm in that of his friend, Mr. Watson Taylor, and his loud complaint, while signing his name at a meeting of his Privy Council, that they had given him a damned bad pen. The Duke of Kent, another soldier, was certainly a monster on parade, but his sobriety and devotion to "his old French lady" were qualities as creditable as they were unusual. The Duke of Cumberland, unfortunate in his title, was the least agreeable of the brotherhood, taciturn, stubborn, and unscrupulous; yet he made a singularly good job of his kingdom of Hanover. And the remaining two brothers, the Duke of Sussex, erudite and courageous when opportunity offered, and the Duke of Cambridge, the only virtuous member of the family, and the only one to live within his income, were both upright and lovable men.

MORALS in those days were, after all, essentially a matter for the individual, although the Duke of York was certainly unfortunate in his choice of lady friends. So that it is only on the grounds of their extravagance that the general aversion to the Royal Princes can be justified, an extravagance that was really monumental. They one and all, with the exception quoted, lived wildly beyond their means, with an almost pathetic belief in the elasticity of the national revenue. The Duke of York died without tangible property of any sort or description, and the Duke of Kent's funeral expenses had to be met by his brother-in-law. A most satisfying book this, intelligent, impartial, and flavoured with an unusual dryness of wit.

Mr. Eric Linklater, author of "Juan in America," with his fiancée, Miss Marjorie Macintyre, youngest daughter of Mr. Ian Macintyre, formerly M.P. for West Edinburgh. The wedding has been arranged to take place next month

ANOTHER biographical study of the same period, but of a very different subject, is *The Private Life of Mrs. Siddons* (Gollancz; 12*s.* 6*d.*). Miss Naomi Royde-Smith has planned her book on the lines of an eighteenth-century portrait: a background depicting events in the life of the sitter; symbols surrounding the central figure, indicative of her virtues and attainments; and, finally, the sitter herself gaining effect from the details of her environment. A complicated process and, in this case, a desperately serious one. But the ardour, well-nigh religious, with which the author tackles her subject, ensures, at any rate, an amount of psychological detail that a lesser enthusiast might well have missed. Miss Royde-Smith fills in her picture with considerable skill, though with a zeal that is almost obtrusive, beginning with the confused and restless background of an actress's life, continuing with a detailed study of three of her most notable parts and of four of her portraits, and, finally, painting in the woman herself: her genius as a tragedienne and her wifely and motherly excellence; her beauty, her shyness and her practical common sense; her courage in the rôle of breadwinner to the entire family; and her friendships, most important of which was her association with Sir Thomas Lawrence, celebrated portrait-painter and expert in the technique of loving in vain, whose passion for each woman in turn of the Kemble family was epitomised in the greatest of them—herself.

Below: Mr. H. A. Taylor, who, having written books on Bonar Law and Lord Birkenhead, has now written the life of Lord Brentford, under the title of "Jix"

M. ROGER MARTIN DU GARD is a French author of note and *The Thibaults* (Lane; 7*s.* 6*d.*) a translation from the first two of his six novels dealing with the family of that name, a middle-class Paris family with strict Roman Catholic traditions. The theme, developed with a moving simplicity and dignity, centres on the romantic friendship between two schoolboys, the youngest Thibault and the Protestant Fontanin, with the consequent and incidental upheavals in the two families. M. du Gard's characters are vital and compelling, and the remainder of his saga should be very well worth reading.

"The Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes (11th Year) at Moortown

Chapter II: The Last Two Days

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

I TOLD you last week that prophecy was useless about who would come out of the catch-as-catch-can that was making Moortown such fun in THE BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes. No sooner had somebody bobbed up into fame than they bobbed down again, and the people who were surviving whittled down to those who had so little thought of winning that they had made arrangements for the fitting of Court dresses, for playing in club matches, for journeys to London, and had hastily to cancel everything because they were still sailing merrily along against all their expectations.

Perhaps we were all very blind. You had only to watch Mrs. W. Johnson's well-grooved swing to be reminded of some of the best American players, and to be filled with admiration, both of her long game and her beautiful putting. Similarly, you had only to recall records of Yorkshire golf to know Mrs. A. P. Bland for a fighter of amazing doggedness and splendid putting, as well as knowledge of Moortown from A to Z and back again. Put the two together, and endow them with a joint handicap of 20, and what more natural than that theirs should be the new names on THE BYSTANDER Northern Cups? And aren't you genuinely glad, like everybody at Moortown was, that Mrs. Bason and Mrs. Whitfield were runners-up? Because Mrs. Bason has the unique record of playing in all the eleven Northern Foursomes that have taken place, and never won anything till now, and because Mrs. Whitfield is an excellent golfer too, who is going to do good work, so they say, for the Cheshire team this year.

Cheshire, of course, were pretty strongly represented, but those two were the only couple who took anything back with them, all the other prizes staying in Yorkshire, since Bradford supplied one pair of semi-finalists in Mrs. Bowker and Mrs. Buchan, and Horsforth the other in Mrs. Alec Spence (who, however, comes from North of the Tweed) and Miss Needham.

Above: Miss G. Sloane and Mrs. B. Heaton

Left: Mrs. W. Longley and Mrs. S. Gibson

Now let 's think; how far had we got when I left off last week? The fourth round was about to begin, and people were saying that nobody could possibly give eight strokes to the Yorkshire captain, Mrs. Clifford Kitson, and Mrs. White. It 's such fun when the "impossible" happens, and that is what did, for Mrs. Bason and Mrs. Whitfield, holing remarkable putts, got home on the last green, and were then and there acclaimed as the most likely winners of the whole thing if they could beat the Yorkshire champions, Miss Mary Johnson and Miss Barbara Lees, who had been doing some pretty stout work that morning themselves against Mrs. Stewart and Miss Carmichael. They were not quite so well together in the afternoon, played rather "younger" golf, if you know what I mean, and Mrs. Whitfield's holed run-up at

Mrs. Mack and Mrs. Kekewich watch the play

Mrs. Mantell, Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. Bovill, and Mrs. Hogg

Mrs. White, Mrs. Kitson, Mrs. Grundy and Miss Naylor

Mrs. Whitfield, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Bason, the finalists in "The Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes

the 11th turned the tide definitely against them.

Miss Needham and Mrs. Spence did well that afternoon to get home against Mrs. Ben Heaton and Miss Sloane, semi-finalists last year, but perhaps the best performance of the fifth round was Mrs. Bowker and Mrs. Buchan, who had five strokes from the ex-Lancashire champion, Mrs. Soulby, and Mrs. Pannikar. Now, the two Mrs. B.'s of Bradford had a joint handicap of 24, Mrs. Bowker having acquired a family and a thirteen handicap since the days when she won the Yorkshire Handicap Challenge Bowl as Miss K. Lister. What do you think, therefore, of their going out in 40 (par is 37), and, after one shaky hole at the 10th, finishing off the match with a couple more fours? Perhaps Mrs. Soulby's side might have prevented their playing so well if they themselves had played better, but still, when Mrs. Pannikkar did put a run up to the very lip of the 3rd, it was unavailing.

The eventual winners, Mrs. Bland and Mrs. Johnson, were not quite so cruel, for they only won by 5 and 4; but that is good enough, as they were only getting three strokes from Mrs. Wood and Miss Birkett, the couple who won the Northern Foursomes just before Easter.

Next morning, though, it was largely Mrs. Johnson's very fine iron shots that were responsible for her side's 5 and 3 win from Mrs. Buchan and Mrs. Bowker—that and the sudden collapse of their putting. In the other semi-final, Mrs. Bason really played great golf all the way, and was the mainstay of the side. Yet perhaps the two shots which really won them the match were contributed by Mrs. Whitfield: a chip to the lip of the 3rd hole, and a glorious recovery from the heather at the 11th, after which Mrs. Bason sank a longish putt round a half-stymie. Mrs. Spence and Miss Needham putted finely, but it was unavailing.

The final was about the most exciting of all the finals the Northern have seen. Mrs. Bason and Mrs. Whitfield, giving 5 strokes, were out in 39 and 2 up. Then they were stymied when stone dead at the 10th, and the luck turned against them; they only had one really bad hole, but Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Bland were always on their heels, became one up for the first time at the 13th, twice lost that lead, and then got it back with a grand four at the 18th, where Mrs. Bland's iron second to within three yards of the hole was a masterpiece. Mrs. Bason putt stuck on the lip, and the cups stayed at Moortown.

It was most suitable that they should, since the whole idea of asking for the hospitality of that most hospitable club had originated with Mrs. Bland. And if ever a club were kind—and we have been to a string of clubs where it has been almost overwhelming—that club was Moortown. There wasn't a detail, great or small, that they hadn't thought of. So did Sand Moor, where the National Playing Fields Association Competition was an unqualified success. There was Mrs. Dunlop Hill's Challenge Trophy; there was a second handicap prize most generously presented by the ladies of Sand Moor; a scratch prize; endless hard work most nobly undertaken by Mrs. Snape and Mrs. Hamilton; and, in the end, a total of £12 3s. to be handed over to the N.P.F.A., ten per cent. of it to the West Riding Branch. Incidentally, more than sixty beaten competitors enjoyed themselves immensely playing round after round over that fascinating course, and returned some very fine scores. Mrs. Tillett's 76—5=71, which took the scratch and tied for first handicap, showed that she is just as good a player as when she won the Yorkshire Championship in 1925 and 1926; Mrs. Platt's 88—17=71 was great going, too; and Miss Lobbett, with 82, filled second scratch place. We had a delightful ceremony at the finish—Mrs. Harland presented the cups, so that goes without saying—and the men's captain, Mr. Hurtley said all sorts of nice things about the ladies, the nicest of all that we must invite ourselves there again as soon as may be. What Mr. White did for us all, and Mrs. Logan, and Miss Pollard, would take too much space to tell you. But, believe me, we were simply spoilt.

Yours ever,

Eleanor E. Helme.

Right: Mrs. J. Stewart, Mrs. R. Carmichael and Mrs. S. Logan

Mrs. P. Cheeseman, Miss K. Merry, Mrs. T. Kean and Mrs. M. Raper

Miss Garton and Miss P. Hopkinson, followed by Miss E. M. Cleasby and Miss Farrar

Mrs. J. D. Longley and Mrs. Denison Heaps

Field-Marshal Lord Cavan with Major-General Sir Colin Mackenzie, competitors in the Generals' Cup

Colonel F. S. Thackeray and Colonel MacGeorge seen waiting to drive off from the first tee

Major C. N. Bednall, Major W. Neilson, Lieut. J. B. Ready and Lieut. W. A. Warren taking it easy before playing in the Army Championships which embraced competitions for various cups

Farewell to Arms

The Army Golf Championships at Deal

Lieutenant-Colonel P. G. M. Skene seen with Colonel H. H. M. Harris

Major M. C. C. Harrison and Major A. G. Barry taking off his coat to it

Above: Lieut. C. L. Archdale and Lieut. H. D. Tweddle studying the line

Lieut.-Colonel H. S. Poyntz and Lieut. D. G. B. Cuppage leaving the eighteenth green

Lieut. J. F. Longfield and Captain A. C. Giles, on their way to the first tee, caught by the camera

Captain H. B. Bird chatting to Major E. M. Onslow, both of the Royal Warwick Regiment

There was a little man, and he had a little job,
It was cleaning up the statues of the great,
Such as Moses and Lord Byron, the Discobolus of Myron,
William Pitt, and other pillars of the State.

From twelve o'clock to one he would take a little rest,
With his back against Diana's marble knees,
Or propped against Disraeli, he'd consume in peace his daily
Glass of Guinness with a bit of bread and cheese.

One lunch time as he sat at the feet of Hercules
In a *dolce far niente* sort of way,
Some people praised the statue, and said "What a pity that you
Never see such strength and energy to-day!"

Then up rose the little man, seized the statue round the leg—
And lifted it, as easy as could be!
And pointing to the bottle, he cried "GUINNESS! that is what'll
Make you all as strong as Hercules and me!"

GUINNESS
for STRENGTH

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.332

Brides To Be

Miss Pamela Wellesley, daughter of the late Lord Richard Wellesley, is engaged to Lieut. C. R. A. Grant, R.N., Major-General C. J. C. Grant's son. Miss Jean Crichton's fiancé, Mr. Eion Merry, is in the Blues, and is a nephew of Lord Chetwynd; her father, the Hon. Arthur Crichton, is an uncle of the Earl of Erne. The Hon. Helen Acton, Lord Acton's third sister, announced her engagement last week to Prince Guglielmo Rospigliosi, younger son of the late Prince Ludovico Rospigliosi

Right:
Miss Pamela Wellesley

Yevonde

Miss Jean Crichton

Bassano

The Hon. Helen Acton

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk": Caricatures by "Jonk"

W. H. Alexander
As a Green Carnation Boy

THE collection for the Stock Exchange Benevolent Fund is the latest subject for speculation, the general opinion being that it is certain to be a good one, for there are sure to be heavy contributions forthcoming from the gilt-edged market and the "Jungle" after their good year. The Stewards of the Fund, who are responsible for the collection, have been appointed for the year; although it may be an honour to be a Steward, it is not a job to everyone's liking, as it means going round and asking all one's friends and acquaintances in the House for money. The two favourites at the moment in the collection stakes are Cyril Praed and Charlie Butcher. To decide which of them is most likely to head the list of collectors involves a nice bit of calculating, as Cyril Praed is a jobber in the gilt-edged market, and Charlie Butcher is a broker with R. Nivison and Co., who have one of the finest businesses in the same market.

WHEN their labours are over, and the collection is complete, the Stewards celebrate at a dinner which is always given to their Chairman. This year the Chairman is Ted Cripps; he is a broker, and used to be with W. A. Simpson and Co., until he got his quick move up the ladder of fame and fortune, and was made a Government broker. He is a quiet and unassuming man, and very popular in the House. Incidentally, he is not to be confused with Freddy Cripps, any more than Government broking should be confused with hairdressing.

THERE are still some bouquets left over from the last night of *Bittersweet*, as performed by the Dramatic and Operatic Society, including a large one for the cast as a whole, and some individual ones, which are handed on herewith. Roses for Edith MacDonald, for her really lovely singing as Sarah, and for doing as hard a day's office work in her ordinary life as any member of the House; and another bunch of the same for Grizel Still, whose performance was seen by several of the cast of the original production of *Bittersweet*, all of whom voiced the opinion that she had nothing to fear from the inevitable comparison with that brilliant artist, Ivy St. Helier.

GEOFFREY DUNSTAN'S sinister and coldly unpleasant Captain gets a bouquet of tiger-lilies: he is a finished and experienced actor, and was excellent as the

Ted Cripps
Chairman of the Benevolent Fund Stewards

arrogantly brutal Austrian army officer. Peonies to Edgar Walmisley for getting so neatly round the bandstand and back: his nimble pas seul was one of the most popular features of the evening. Green carnations, of course, to W. H. Alexander, who was by no means the least good of a very good quartette, but his gesture of studying his finger-nails and smoothing his hand lost effectiveness with repetition. Colonel Hunter, as the Marquess of Shayne, got his bouquet from Sarah: he is as charming a man off the stage as he was on it, so he played his part with ease and appropriateness.

REX JOSEPH gets his bouquet for his foreign accent (when he remembered it!) and his true-to-type music-master's manner. He fought a pretty duel, but his voice hardly came up to expectations, and can the rumour be true that there was no one who could have played the part as well? Alan Kirby must have another bunch of congratulations for himself and his orchestra: the so-well-known *Bittersweet* music sounded as fresh and delightful as ever in their skilful hands.

IT was bad luck that the point-to-point had to be postponed, as a certain number of the original entries had made other arrangements for the Saturday, when it did take place, so the fields were a bit smaller in consequence. However, the going was good, and not iron-hard, as it would have been the previous week, and the thunderstorm during the afternoon no doubt gave anyone who had nerves something else to think about. Dickie Norbury kept up his record of never being out of the first three: he was second in the Lightweight Race to John Russell, who was riding in the point-to-point for the first time, and has only been in the City about a year, so he must have been extra pleased at his win. And so must his father, Jack Russell, who was one of the Stewards, and is a great enthusiast about everything to do with horses and hunting. Jimmy Scrimgeour, the winner of the Heavyweight Race, hunts with the Whaddon Chase, so he was riding more or less in his own country: he is the youngest of the four members of his family in the House. While horses are the subject, condolences to Baron Munchausen and his owners for not being placed at Hurst Park, in spite of Gordon Richards being the jockey.

Geoffrey Dunstan
As Captain Lutte

SOME more General Knowledge—

What is the "old-clothes man" going to give to the Benevolent Fund this year?

Who is "Fifty"? What is his nationality?

Who has "Now that the ball is over," sung to him? What is the drink question in America compared to the events of that evening, and how long ago was it?

Why don't brokers with pretty typists shut the window?

Who said "Apologise"?

Howard Marshall on Cricket

Body-Line Bowling Again

Now that the M.C.C. team has returned from Australia, the authorities at Lord's will be able to gather all the evidence they require before framing any pronouncement upon the body-line bowling controversy.

I had hoped to steer clear of the whole miserable business until some official statement had appeared, but the Australian Cricket Board of Control have chosen, rather unwisely, I cannot help thinking, to force the issue. Their latest cable, which suggests that an addition should be made to the laws, is surely exceedingly ill-timed, and unlikely to induce sympathy in the minds of our legislators.

The Australians have, in effect, banned what they are pleased to call body-line bowling, and their suggestion—there is no harm in repeating it—is that: "Any ball which, in the opinion of the umpire at the bowler's end, is bowled at the batsman with intent to intimidate or injure shall be considered unfair, and called 'No ball,' and the bowler notified of the reason. If repeated by the same bowler in the same innings, the umpire shall instruct him to cease bowling for the rest of the innings, and the over shall be regarded as complete. Law 48 does not apply in this case."

Now, although this proposal is based upon a report submitted to the Board by such experienced cricketers as M. A. Noble, W. M. Woodfull, and V. Y. Richardson, it is impossible to imagine, even if we were to admit its necessity, that it could ever be applied in practice. The fact that men like Woodfull and Noble should so much as consider the possibility of thrusting such a heavy responsibility upon the umpire is merely a further proof, to my mind, that the Australians have entirely lost their sense of proportion.

Mobey (W. T. Cook's side) caught in the slips off the bowling of Parker by M. J. C. Allom in the final Surrey trial at the Oval. He made ten runs

I doubt, indeed, whether this suggestion is worth discussing in any detail, for it is quite certain that the M.C.C. will not agree to it. What we have to consider—or, rather, what the authorities have to consider—is whether it is really necessary to make any changes in the laws at all.

To begin with, it seems to me that if we attempt to legislate directly against leg-theory bowling, we are putting the cart before the horse. There is no doubt, I think, that fast leg-theory bowling, if it were generally exploited, would definitely be harmful to first-class cricket. To that extent we may agree with the Australians, though I would suggest that the matter be discussed, not with the Australian controversy in mind, but from a purely domestic point of view.

What has caused the development of fast leg-theory bowling, and what are the implications of this development in relation to county cricket? These, as I see it, are the questions which must be answered, and vitally important questions they are. We must, in short, go to the root of the trouble if we are to find a cure.

That there is trouble is beyond argument. Cramped stroke play, pawky batsmanship, drawn matches and dull cricket are continuing to knock the life out of the county championship, and unless the rot is stopped, I am convinced that the days of first-class cricket are numbered. I am equally certain that the rot could be stopped by a revision of the present l.b.w. rule.

When, in the eighteenth century, a batsman first deliberately used his legs as a second line of defence, old William Beldham remarked: "The law of l.b.w. was not made or wanted till Ring, one of our best hitters, was shabby enough to get his leg in the way and take advantage of the bowlers."

That was the general opinion then, that covering-up was a shabby trick, and it should be the general opinion now. It has been endorsed at various times since by distinguished cricketers and legislators, and even by M.C.C. sub-committees, but it is still the law that a batsman may stop with his pads any ball which pitches off the wicket. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that a new technique has come into being, a technique based upon protecting the wicket from the spinning ball by the studied use of the legs. What is surprising, and very surprising it is, is the fact that this technique has been accepted without loud and continued protest.

The introduction of the legs as a second line of defence is surely as completely indefensible

Gover, the Surrey fast bowler, showing a peculiar stroke in batsmanship when playing a ball from Owen at the Oval

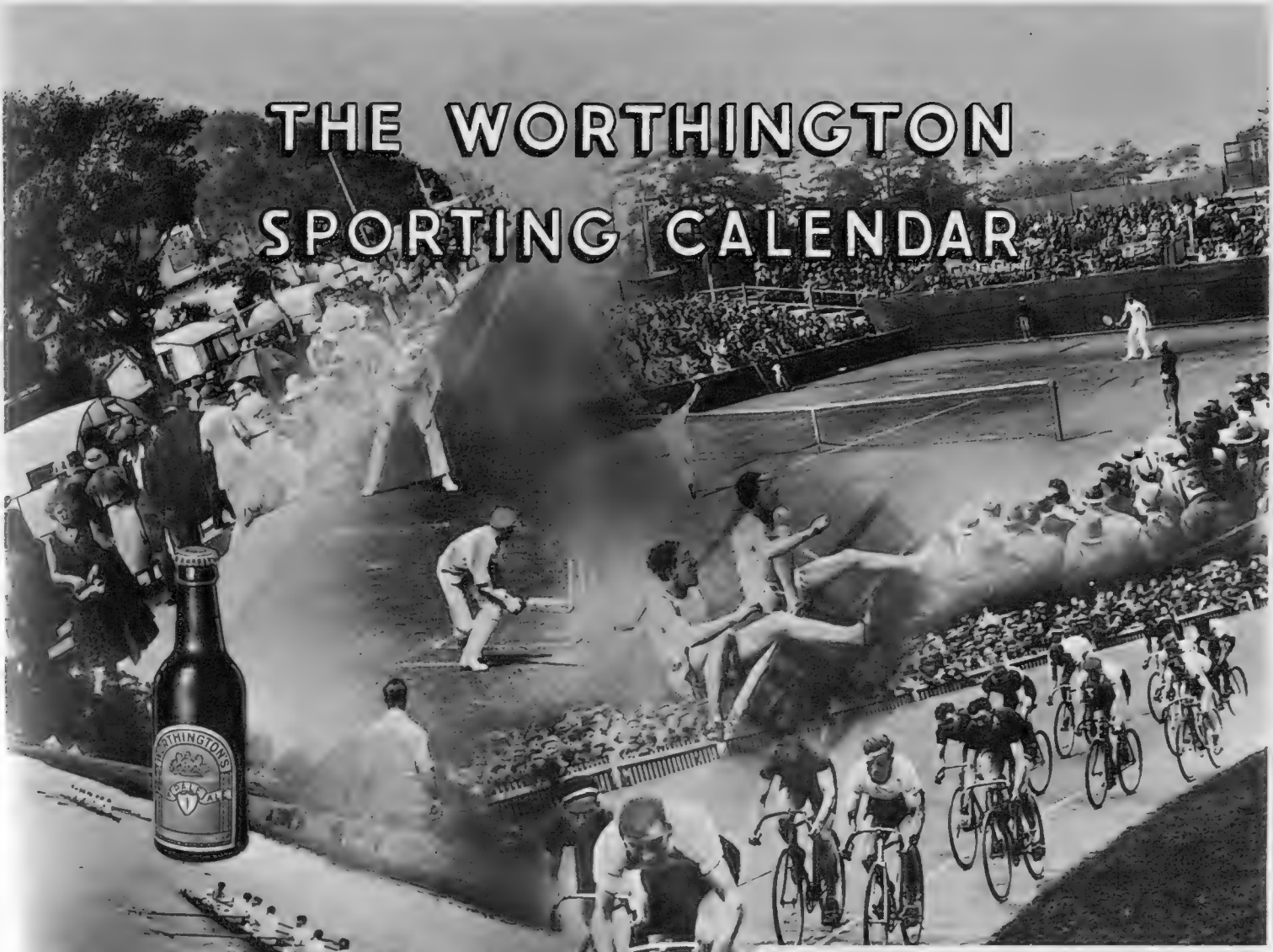
now as it was when Ring horrified the critics of his time by his shabby innovation. Unfortunately, as we all know to our cost, it has gradually become a recognised principle of batsmanship, a principle which is taught in schools and carried to its ultimate absurdity upon county grounds. We all know, moreover, the evils it has brought in its train—the ugly, two-eyed stance, the decline of off-side play, the defeat of straightforward bowling, the huge scores which produce drawn matches, and now the body-line controversy, a controversy caused by the attempt to find a new way of beating the batsman who systematically covers his wicket

It is, then, at least a reasonable argument that the l.b.w. rule lies at the root of our present discontents, and that if it were revised to the effect that the batsman is out if his legs are hit by a ball which, in the opinion of the umpire at the bowler's end, would otherwise have hit the wicket, first-class cricket might take on a new lease of life.

To begin with, this revision, which is no innovation, but merely a return to old principles, would force the batsman to cultivate those strokes on the off-side which are gradually disappearing from the game. What is more, the bowler would be given a fair chance, and the true arts of bowling would be revived. Individual scores would be lower, fewer matches would be drawn, and cricket would once more become an enthralling duel between bowler and batsman.

It may be that the M.C.C. will consider this question, for it is one which, to avoid controversy, should be settled without delay.

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR



MAY, 1933

11th to 20th inclusive

11th **Racing.** Newmarket. Newton Abbot and Woore Hunt Steeplechases.
Shows. Ladies' Kennel Association, Olympia.

12th **Racing.** Gatwick, Haydock Park Meetings.
Lawn Tennis. Tournament, Harrogate.
Golf. Inter Club Foursomes, Bath Club Cup Competition, Sunningdale.
Fencing. Oxford University v. Cambridge University, Epee, Cambridge.

13th **Racing.** Gatwick Meeting. Wincanton and Bridgnorth Steeplechases.
Golf. Parliamentary Golf Handicap, Walton Heath.
Polo. Whitney Cup 1st ties, Roehampton.
Cricket. Essex v.West Indies, Leyton.
Motoring. Kent & Sussex L.C.C. Lewes Speed Trials. R.A.C. Caravan Rally.
Cycling. International Racing Fund Meeting, Herne Hill, London.
Athletics. 20 miles road walking Championship, South of England.
Shows. Agricultural Show, Glasgow. International Trade Fair, Paris.

15th **Racing.** Colwall Park and Market Rasen Steeplechases.
Polo. Colts Cup, Ranelagh.
Shows. Newark Agricultural.
Golf. Ladies' Open Championship begins, Gleneagles. Amateur Golf Tournament, Bournemouth.
Motor Cycling. Scottish Six Days Trial.—Edinburgh and D.M.C. starts.

16th **Racing.** York and Bath Meetings.
Shows. Newark Agricultural.

17th **Racing.** York and Bath Meetings.
Cricket. Cambridge University v. West Indies, Cambridge. Oxford University v. Minor Counties, Oxford.

18th **Racing.** York Meeting; Salisbury Meeting; Towcester Steeplechases.
Shows. Oxfordshire Agricultural Society. Witney.
Yachting. Royal BurnhamY.C.
Rowing. "Summer Eights," Oxford.

19th **Racing.** Doncaster and Salisbury Meetings.
Athletics. Universities A.U. Championships, White City.
Shows. Devon Agricultural Show, Honiton.

20th **Racing.** Lingfield Park, Doncaster and Phœnix Park Meetings. Stratford-on-Avon Steeplechases.
Polo. Colts Cup, Ranelagh. Whitney Cup Final, Roehampton.
Lawn Tennis. Hard Courts Tournament, Harrogate.
Golf. Amateur Tournament, Bournemouth.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

NEXT Saturday, an English Association football team plays Italy in the Stadium at Rome, and a number of people over here will look for the result in their evening papers a little anxiously. One or two Foreign Office officials, for example, will be hoping particularly that England may win, though it seems to me that the odds are on Italy.

I think, as a matter of fact, that the English selectors have chosen a pretty good side; it is, at any rate, difficult to suggest any obvious improvements, though the suspension of Hart the other day was a grievous misfortune. White, of Everton, who takes Hart's place at centre-half, is a very ordinary player, and it is strange how few really outstanding centre-halves there are in the country at present.

Still, let us admit that this is a useful England team, but, even so, our players will have to contend with many difficulties. To begin with, they will undoubtedly find the heat oppressive and the ground very hard. true that they have only taken up Association football comparatively recently, but Signor Mussolini himself is very keen on the game, which is organised with true Fascist thoroughness. There are actually 3,000 clubs in Italy, with 100,000 playing members, which is rather surprising.

Italian critics are generally agreed that the side chosen to meet England is about the best available. I am told that Meazza, of Milan, is an exceptionally clever inside-right, and that Schianio, the centre-forward, is a powerful shot and will need careful watching. Incidentally, I hope that Geldard, the young Everton right winger, will be more effective than he was in the Cup Final. Then, possibly through nervousness, he seemed to lose entirely the remarkable speed which is his chief virtue.

THAT Cup Final, like most Cup Finals, was rather a dreary affair, I must confess, and the Manchester City forward line was particularly disappointing. Admittedly, the Final is a great occasion, but I can never understand why such vast crowds choose to make the uncomfortable journey to Wembley when it is common knowledge that the football will be dull and indifferent. The best games of the season are usually International matches, and I still remember a day, some years ago, when Scotland kept England running all over the field, and, by perfect positional play, managed to win comfortably.

BY the time these notes appear, I shall have seen another Cup Final at Wembley—the Rugby League affair—and I am looking forward to this with considerable interest, for it will be my first experience of Rugby League football.

BEFORE we leave the subject of winter games, I must refer to the proposed Rugby Union ban on writing for the Press

H. W. Austin (left), who was led by J. S. Olliff (right) by two sets to one and five games to two before eventually winning the first round of the Hard Court Championships at Bournemouth

Sir Harold Bowden with a fine catch taken from the Tweed at Kelso. The salmon weigh 23½ lbs. and 16 lbs.

J. A. Stout, Captain of the Ganton Golf Club at Ganton, presenting the Cup to John Woollam (Hooton) after beating T. A. Bourn (Sunningdale) by 4 holes and 3 to play in the final of the English Amateur Golf Championship

Public Schools in Competition

P. Lindeman (Schule Schloss, Germany), winner of putting the weight at 41 ft. 8½ in. at the Public Schools Challenge Cup Athletic Meeting, held at the White City Stadium

or broadcasting. Perhaps it will do no harm if I repeat the terms of the motion which the Rugby Union Committee will move at the annual meeting on June 23rd—

"No member of the Committee of the Union, or Committee-man of any constituent body, or club, under the jurisdiction of the Union, unless engaged solely in the profession of journalism; no referee or player; shall write, give information, or interviews for the Press or broadcast on current Rugby football for remuneration."

Personally, I sympathise with the principles which underlie this proposal, but as it stands it surely contains far too many inconsistencies. Why, for instance, should it be held that a player or official who writes upon current Rugby topics is exploiting his connection with the game any more than the man who writes his reminiscences? Both classes of writers are, in a sense, making money out of the game, and both, therefore, should be equally penalised. Moreover, if the Rugby Union are anxious that no one should profit from his ability to play Rugby football, what do they propose to do about the numerous young men who obtain jobs as schoolmasters simply because they are "Rugger" Blues?

THE fact of the matter is that the Committee have stirred up a most difficult controversy, and, to my mind, they have increased their own difficulties unnecessarily by attempting too close a definition. If they had contented themselves, like the Scottish Union, by simply saying that no player or official may write for the Press, we should respect their strength of mind and their adherence to principle, even if we did not agree with their views. As it is, the proposal is bound to come in for a good deal of criticism at the Annual General Meeting. My own feeling is that the authorities would be better advised to leave well alone.

There are, it is true, a number of prominent players and officials writing for the Press to-day, but they do their work competently, and have a due regard for the traditions of the game. It is surely far wiser to allow such men to direct the publicity which is given to Rugby football than to leave it to the mercy of the casual journalist who has no inside knowledge.

THERE is another affair of some international importance due this week, for, unless anything untoward occurs, Seaman Watson meets Kid Chocolate on Friday in New York for the featherweight championship. If Watson wins, it will be a very fine performance, and we shall all be wishing him luck, for he is a decent fellow, and a very competent, though not particularly brilliant, boxer. If he does win, however, he will immediately be involved in acrimonious disputes, for I gather that the Americans are intent on making him defend his title before he returns to this country, whereas promoters over here are naturally anxious to secure him as an attraction. There is, in fact, already one promoter who, I understand, is prepared to offer him £5,000 for a fight in England if he becomes champion, so that Watson himself will naturally be keen to come back.

FINALLY, a word about the Public Schools' Athletic Meeting, which took place so successfully last week. As you will remember, several new records were set up, and an expert told me that the standard of performance was remarkably high. In a way, it is odd that there still appears to be considerable prejudice in the minds of schoolmasters against this particular meeting, and many famous schools do not take it really seriously. Perhaps this is a pity, as many sound judges appear to think, though personally I sympathise with those who say that it does a boy no good to be given so much prominence before he has left school. I dislike all these organised public events for schoolboys, though they seem to have come to stay.

INCIDENTALLY, this Public Schools' Athletic Meeting does serve one rather useful purpose, for it is a check upon the frequently unduly optimistic times which are so very often recorded by school-masters at school sports.

The finish of the Chester Vase, won by Lord Derby's colt, Hyperion, from the Aga Khan's Shamsuddin and Count McCormack's Franz Hals. Hyperion, on this performance, was made the Derby favourite

The Inter-Club Mixed Foursomes Tournament at Camberley Heath. Miss N. Tinberg and Mr. A. Tinberg, (Stockholm), and Capt. G. E. Hawkins and Miss Molly Gourlay, (Camberley Heath), winners

The Stroke that is not New

V. McGrath, using the two-handed grip, a stroke employed by the late H. G. Bache, the Corinthian footballer, in pre-war days

More Robins for the Family Tree

Mrs. Robins and R. W. V. Robins, the famous cricketer, are seen above with their infant daughter, after the christening ceremony at All Souls', Langham Place last week

"The BYSTANDER" CRUISE

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Saturday, JUNE 17th, to
Saturday, JULY 1, 1933

A PRIZE OF 25 GUINEAS

Is offered by "The Bystander," to passengers on the Cruise, for the best Essay (not exceeding one thousand words) describing their impressions and experiences of the trip. The winning essay will be published in "The Bystander," and every passenger will receive a complimentary copy of the issue in which it appears. The Editor's decision will be final.

LUCKY GUINEAS

Special photographs will also be taken during the cruise for publication in "The Bystander." Passengers will be able to "spot" themselves from these snapshots, and those "spotted" by "The Bystander" will be entitled to claim a guinea.

RED STAR LINE

S. S. "Lapland"

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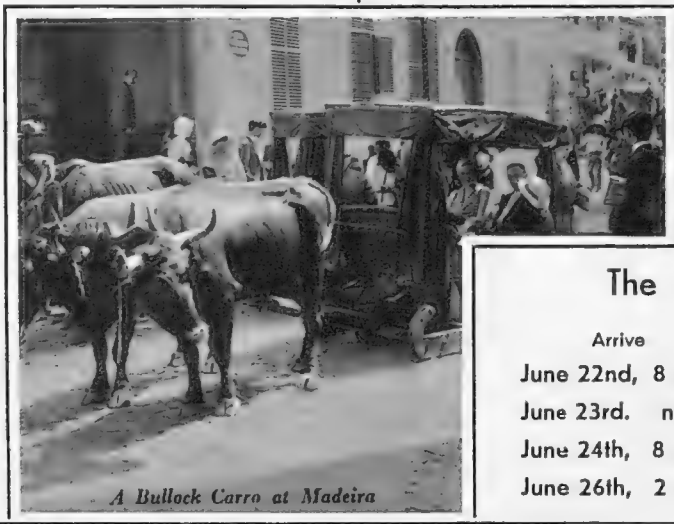
This cruise—to be known as "The Bystander Cruise"—will be on the British Liner "Lapland," a luxuriously equipped vessel of nearly 19,000 tons.

The "Lapland" has been specially fitted for cruising in hot weather.

She will sail from London on Saturday, June 17—her itinerary is given below—arriving back at London on Saturday, July 1.

Cruising is so popular that the attractions of this form of holiday need hardly be stressed. It combines the excitement of travel with the luxury and convenience of a first class hotel. Life on board is a rest cure, a round of gaiety or a mixture of both—according to taste.

Fox Photos



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The "Lapland's" Itinerary

Arrive	Port	Hours Stay
June 22nd, 8 a.m.	Madeira (Funchal)	11
June 23rd. noon	Las Palmas	12
June 24th, 8 a.m.	Teneriffe (Santa Cruz)	8½
June 26th, 2 p.m.	St. Michael (Azores)	8

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F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

THERE is something terribly exciting about going to St. Andrews, especially from London. I enter the train peacefully enough, with nothing but the normal and pleasant anticipatory thrill of starting on a holiday. But I wake up with the inevitably cool air of Scotland pervading the sleeper, and that curious sort of Cup Tie sensation in my tummy which, for a moment, I am at a loss to understand. Then suddenly I realise that St. Andrews has drawn very near, that Leuchars Junction is almost reached, that the little train which takes you from Leuchars to St. Andrews itself is puffing on the side line waiting, and that beyond that there is the great Old Course and the tragedy or triumph of the Medal round.

It is a funny thing that at St. Andrews it is always a triumph or a tragedy. On no other golf course can such frightful things happen off what would be a perfectly innocent shot anywhere else. And that, I think, is the charm of the whole place. It is easier—and of this I am certain—to take double figures at any one hole at St. Andrews than it is to take double figures at any one hole on any other course; and yet the fact remains that sane men leave London regularly twice a year, and go there to have their hearts broken time and time again, merely in the hope that some day tragedy will give place to triumph, and the Medal accompany them back home in their suit-case.

SO many exciting things happen at St. Andrews. The first, perhaps, is the starting cannon—that prehistoric explosion which signals that the first man has driven off in the Medal. I often wonder whether, in times to come, when stationary people may want to know things visually or by sound as well, the idea will be extended a little further. It will be interesting, for instance, to those of us in the club-house, who are either anxiously waiting for the moment to start on our own round or else sadly resting in an armchair calling ourselves all sorts of names for the one shot which brought disaster, if a red Very light were to go up, say, when General Critchley was straffing in Strath, or a green Very light were to go up and tell us that Leonard Crawley was hiking in Hell, or that (let us be fair) I was blaspheming the Beardies. However, the starting-cannon has been sufficient for the members of the club so far, and no doubt will remain so, even if, at times, it frightens the life out of those who are practising their putting on the little course, when it signals the close of the competition. I love St. Andrews because of the atmosphere of the place, because of the grand old Club and great Old Course, and I respect that course because it invariably defeats me and puts me just where I belong . . . and yet I go back to it every time with fresh hope, because it is just possible that some day I may defeat it, and if I do I shall die happy.

Afterthoughts on St. Andrews

THE Competition this year for the Silver Cross of St. Andrew, which is the first medal of the Spring Meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club, was won by Robert Harris with, in the circumstances, a very good score of 77. All day the wind was blowing strongly from the east, which made the course not only a more severe test than usual, but also very cold—a state of affairs which was not helped by occasional drops of rain. The outward half was not, perhaps, peculiarly difficult, but the homeward half was certainly the more testing, and a score of 40 home would have been accepted by most people without playing the holes.

I WAS playing with General Critchley, who is the holder of the King William the Fourth Medal, and he reached the turn in the excellent score of 37, which gave promise of another triumph. On the way home, however, things would just not go right. A bunker made a five at the tenth, and three putts produced another at the High hole. The fours would not come, except on two occasions, so that home with seven fives and two fours made him 80. Robert Harris was also out in 37, and he regained level fours with a fine three at the tenth: after that, one or two shots went astray, but he got home in his 40 all right, and his score of 77 was, in the prevailing conditions, a most excellent round.

THE Bombay Medal, which is the second medal of this Spring Meeting, was tied for between J. Gordon Simpson, Captain C. G. B. Stevens, and Alaric de Forest. This tie is being played off as I write, so that I cannot tell you who has triumphed of the three, but each did well to return a card of 78. Each of them, as is almost inevitable, had their chance to win the first medal outright, and two of them—Gordon Simpson and Stevens—had a putt for a three at the last hole, which would have given them a tie for the first medal with Robert Harris, but both failed to borrow quite sufficiently and just missed the hole on the left.

The details of their rounds were these: Alaric de Forest reached the turn in 37 and, with only six holes to play, was still only one over fours. One or two disasters followed, but he was still left with a four for the Home hole to tie for the Medal. He failed to get his four, and, therefore, only tied for the second. Stevens was out in 38, and found himself with a three to tie with Harris, but, as I have previously stated, just failed. Gordon Simpson reached the turn also in 38, and started well on the homeward half, but his putting let him down even before that last three-yarder, which would have given him a tie.

I STARTED this article by writing of tragedy, and Leonard Crawley, playing in his first Medal round, found himself a victim. He was playing well enough to come very near winning one or other of the Medals when he became seriously embroiled with Hell bunker at the long hole home so seriously that the hole cost him nine—a figure which it has cost many golfers in the past at least as good as he is. He finished in 81, which, in the circumstances, was no mean performance. John de Forest, the amateur champion, although he started very shakily, suddenly loomed in the twilight as a definite danger, if not to Harris, at least to the three who had already tied for the Bombay Medal. With four holes to play, he needed four fours to tie with Harris, a difficult enough task at any time, but in this instance even more difficult because of the direction and strength of the wind. Nevertheless, he got the first two of them, but the Road hole defeated him, and he took three putts at the Home hole. However, he also did better than most do on the first occasion of playing a Medal round at St. Andrews.

Left: W. B. Torrance and Lieut.-Colonel T. J. Mitchell, two competitors in the Annual Spring Meeting of the Royal and Ancient at St. Andrews

Above: A. F. Stewart and L. G. Crawley, the ex-champion, two more competitors at the Spring Meeting of the R. and A. The latter went round in 81, despite a nine in his score, thanks to being bunkered in Hell

Angus Hambro and Robert Harris on the links at St. Andrews. The latter was the winner of the Spring Meeting with a score of 77, and secured the Silver Cross of St. Andrew, the first Medal

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BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

A Flying-Boat School

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Lord Apsley, a well-known private owner, talking to one of his passengers at the Air Pageant held at Leighterton by members of the Beaufort Hunt as a finale to their season

A lecture on engines in progress at Hamble, where "Air Service Training" has its school and aerodrome. This is the most complete training centre for an aviation career in the world, and students from many foreign countries are in residence

Learning to Fly from the Water

EVERY attempt to form a seaplane or flying-boat club in this country has failed, although there are many stretches of ideal water and no lack of suitable machines. Perhaps this is due principally to the higher cost of operation, for a seaplane or flying-boat is more expensive in first cost and maintenance than its prototype on land; and, for reasons of safety, it is necessary to have a motor-boat attached to any club in case a pilot should get into difficulties whilst on the water. Air Service Training is the only school in the country to provide instruction on flying-boats and amphibians as well as seaplanes. The Avro Avian and the Tutor on floats make excellent training machines, and the School has recently purchased two of the Cutty Sark amphibians, built by Saunders Roe. It is of the utmost importance that the motor-boats used for handling marine aircraft on the water should be specially designed for their work. Such a vessel needs high speed, combined with great manœuvrability at low speed, in order to come alongside a seaplane or flying-boat without damaging its structure. The British Power Boat Company, which is directed by Mr. Hubert Scott Paine, for many years head of the Supermarine Company, has specialised in motor-boats for this class of work. All the latest tenders for the R.A.F. are "Power Boats," and the A.S.T. marine school uses one of the 23-foot type, which has an engine of 100 horse-power and a speed of 28 knots.

A Club for the R.A.F. Reserve

THE approval of the Air Ministry has been obtained for the formation of a club for officers of the Reserve, many of whom are keen to keep in training after their period of service has ended, whilst others want more flying than the Reserve scheme provides. Headquarters have been established at Hatfield and arrangements made with the de Havilland School to look after the Club's Moth and to loan further machines at week-ends, when the demand for flying is always considerable. The annual subscription has been fixed at £4, with flying charges at a maximum of £1 an hour, decreasing proportionately to 15s. an hour for a member who contracts for a total of 100 hours. Favourable insurance rates have been arranged through Captain A. G. Lamplugh, who is a member of the Committee, and facilities have been obtained from the Air Ministry for the use of Service-type Irvin parachutes. Incidentally, the founder of the Club is Flying-Officer R. E. G. Brittain, son of Sir Harry Brittain, who is himself closely associated with aviation enterprises.

Bristol as an Air Centre

FROM the earliest days of flying, Bristol has been closely associated with its development through the products of the Bristol Aeroplane Company. The latter was founded in 1910, and it is of great interest to the Industry that the newly-elected Chairman of the S.B.A.C. is Mr. Herbert J. Thomas, who started with that Company at the age of eighteen as a pilot, and is now Assistant Managing Director. Having been successively in charge of the Bristol School, chief inspector in the factory and works manager, Mr. Thomas has had a wider practical experience of the Industry than almost any other man. Bristol has been known for its "Box Kites," "Bullets," and the famous war-time "Bristol Fighter," but for the last ten years its engines have made more history than its machines. The "Jupiter" is in use all over the world for military and commercial purposes, to be succeeded in the matter of power and performance by the "Pegasus." The latter holds the world's altitude record, and was the engine chosen by the Houston-Everest Expedition for the magnificent series of flights over the Himalayas just completed. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has two "Pegasus" engines in his "Viastra" monoplane, which has been built at the Supermarine Works of Vickers. Bristol, known for hundreds of years as a seaport, has now added to its civic facilities an up-to-date airport, where a flying school, a club, repair shops, and an air-taxi and ferry service are available. The Bristol and Wessex Club is again providing two flying scholarships for men candidates over eighteen years of age who live within thirty miles of the Airport. A flying test with one of the Club instructors is obligatory, and applications should be addressed to the Manager, bearing in mind that the list closes on May 28th.

News from the Clubs

THE second production model of the Drone, built by Mr. Lowe-Wylde at Hanworth, has been sold to the Maidstone School, where members holding an "A" licence may fly for 18s. an hour. Facilities for sports other than flying are provided at Maidstone, with a Riding School in charge of Mr. John Lambton. A dance is held every Sunday evening, and members of other flying clubs are invited to attend. The increase in the number of hours' flying at Heston for the month of April, when compared with last year, is more than fifty per cent., and in every other respect the flying season has started well. Customs clearances for private machines numbered nearly 300 up to May 1st, and several pilots have made use of the night-flying facilities to return from the Continent after dark. Mr. Nigel Norman has returned from a business flight to the Cape.

Special Flying Number

ON May 24th THE BYSTANDER will publish its Sixth Annual Flying Number, which will include special articles on air travel, both from the point of view of the passenger by air liner and the private owner; also a complete section devoted to flying as it is to-day. Each article will be illustrated, and two pages of cartoons of people well known on the aerodromes and air routes will be included. A unique subject has been chosen for the double page in colour.

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Simple but Scientific Treatment for Delicate or Defective Skins

UNFORTUNATELY, some of the loveliest complexions are also the most delicate: sensitive to changes of temperature, easily irritated by wind, sun, or hard water. Unless cared for in the *right way*, these are the complexions which fade, become prematurely wrinkled, veined or ruined by rheumatic affections.

The average general practitioner is unsympathetic about "trivial" dermatological defects which cause a woman anxiety. Unless serious skin trouble develops, it is unnecessary to consult a Harley Street specialist. The woman with a potentially beautiful, fair complexion has difficulties which probably only another woman of the same type would completely understand. When such a woman is an experienced dermatologist and chemist who has devoted many years to the study and practise of beauty culture, and has a sympathetic understanding of feminine psychology, her prescriptions may be expected to solve many prevalent problems.

All modern beauty specialists subscribe to the theory of individualism, but, necessarily, the majority of them can, at most, group their products under fairly inclusive headings: "for dry skins, oily skins," etc. This specialist goes farther; she will prescribe for the individual need of a particular client in particular circumstances, and some of her most successful preparations have been evolved in response to a personal cri de cœur, or de peau!

For instance, her really wonderful herbal wash, an emollient cleansing lotion, is the result of her having had to find a substitute for a client, for a cleansing milk which, although most efficient in removing all grime and cosmetics from the skin, tended to encourage her predisposition to little veins in the skin.

The herbal wash is a carefully balanced, milky preparation, devoid of any constituent which could possibly harm the most sensitive epidermis. It absolutely cleanses the pores as well as the surface of the skin, leaving it fine, cool, and "soothed."

A medicated, herbal cream, evolved by the same specialist, is among face creams and beauty preparations, unique in its action. It clears, refines, and beautifies the skin and acts as a tonic and refreshment. Suitable for all types and in all circumstances it justifies its description—"an all-purpose, beautifying skin cream." The name and address of the firm supplying these products will be sent on application to the Woman Editor, THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

A LUNCHEON MENU

Salmon Cutlets

TAKE a piece of cooked salmon, pound it well, add to it an equal weight of fine breadcrumbs and half the weight in butter. Mix well together, and season with pepper, salt, cayenne. Bind the mixture with the beaten yolks of two eggs, roll it out on a floured board, cut it with a cutter into cutlets, roll them in egg and breadcrumbs; repeat this, so that they are well covered. Fry in boiling fat, drain, serve very hot, with fried parsley in the centre of the dish. Serve maître d'hôtel sauce with this dish.

Braised Fillet of Beef with Spaghetti

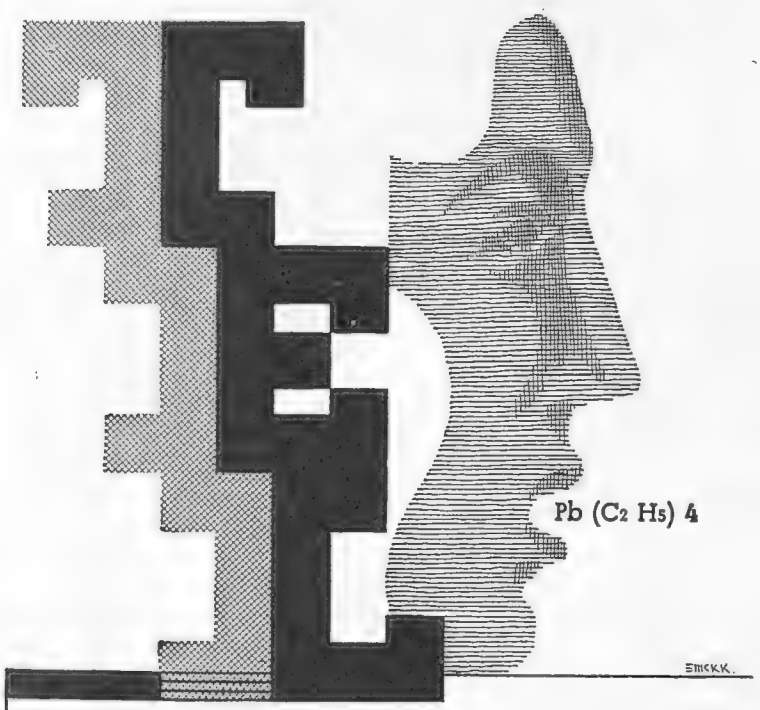
TAKE about 3 lb. of the under-cut of sirloin of beef, trim off the fat and the thin skin next to it, lard it with fat bacon, and tie it up with a string. Put a slice of bacon into a casserole dish, on this place the fillet, larded side uppermost, surround it with two carrots and an onion cut small, a bunch of sweet herbs, and some parsley; add whole pepper, salt, and two or three cloves. Moisten with a little good stock and some tomato sauce. When the meat is done, strain off the sauce and skim off all fat. Dress some boiled spaghetti with this sauce, adding grated cheese and a good piece of butter; garnish the beef with it, and serve very hot

Chaudfroid of Chicken

CUT up the remains of a cold chicken into neat slices, and cover these with stiffened espagnole sauce. Serve round a mayonnaise salad, and garnish with sliced hard-boiled egg. For Espagnole sauce, fry together 1½ oz. of butter, 1½ oz. of flour, a sliced tomato, a sliced onion, and a small piece of lean ham; then add gradually half a pint of good brown stock, into which three or four leaves of gelatine have been soaked, boil all together for fifteen minutes, pass it through a sieve, add about half a gill of sherry, skim well, and boil it till reduced about a fourth part. Mask well the pieces of chicken with this sauce, and allow to set.

Corn Fritters

POUR off half a tin of corn into a bowl, stir in two tablespoonsful of flour, one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, and season to taste. Well beat two eggs and stir in last. Have ready some boiling fat in a frying-pan, into which the batter should be dropped, a dessertspoonful at a time. Drain on paper, and serve at once, on a hot dish.



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The Doggy World

"Animal War Heroes": By Lady Kitty Ritson

IF you have not already read it, I beg you to invest in *Animal War Heroes*, by Peter Shaw Baker, for it is a most charming book and well illustrated with photographs. I knew a certain amount about the animals during the war, but even I was astonished when I read that "at one period the strength of animals on all fronts totalled over a million, of which 436,000 were in France."

The book deserves to be read if only for the poem that is at the beginning, and which is called "His Two Horses," and which describes how a Canadian gunner was heard to say that if he "went West" he would like to take his two horses. A few days later an exploding shell killed all three and his wish was realised. It may be sentimental, but I cried over that poem.

THERE is a chapter devoted to the war pigeons, and I have a special corner for them in my heart. They were used extensively in our Intelligence, and I wonder how many pages of paper I have covered with records of their movements. One bird was known as "Crisp V.C.," and his stuffed body is in the United Services Museum. The pigeons were even more useful than the messenger dogs, as they got through when the dogs were shot, but, of course, their service, valuable though it was, was merely instinctive, while that of the dogs was conscious. There is a wonderful description of Satan, the dog that saved Verdun, although I rather question whether the service he rendered was quite as valuable as this would suggest. The messenger dogs had their own gas-masks and their own goggles.

Well Over! *Swaebe*

A clever motion-picture of an Afghan hound taking the railings in the Park in his stride. Champion Arr-Hauid of Ghazni took Cruft's in his stride, too, and was unbeaten there

THERE are several stories about war-horses, but I cannot bear to think that so many of them were sold to French and Belgian farmers after the war, and, even worse, to the natives in Egypt. That is a blot on our national history, and if it were a matter of economy I should imagine that the money thus saved was such a drop in the ocean of our debts that it cannot have been worth while. There are still old, weary war-horses in Egypt living out their lives in the ownership of natives, and Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke opened a fund some time ago to buy them up and to give them a few days' good food and comfort before they are mercifully put to an end.

The Scottish War Memorial is the only memorial which gives a niche to the war animals, and it shows "The Tunneller's Friends," the canaries and the mice and the heads of some of the transport animals, and of a dog. The inscription says: "Remember Also the Humble Beasts That Served and Died." Being Scottish, I am always proud of that fact.

I AM inclined to quarrel with Mr. Baker over one statement, and that is in his description of training dogs to lead the blind. He talks as though it were something that is finished and over, and as a matter of fact, it is only now in full swing, and we are just getting over a new trainer who will be able to train several Englishmen to teach the dogs, thus obviating the need for foreign trainers.

But apart from this minor mis-statement, I have nothing but praise for the book, and I hope you will all buy it—I don't believe in the old adage of "beg, borrow, or steal!"

Next please for a 'shampoo and trim'

DO you know that all animals occasionally need the care and attention of a specialist to keep them healthy and happy? For years the Society of Herbalists have been making a study of animal care. For their ailments they have now developed a particular branch of herbal medicine that has proved most successful. You owe it to your pet to keep him fit and in good condition. Take him to the Society of Herbalists for treatment.

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Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

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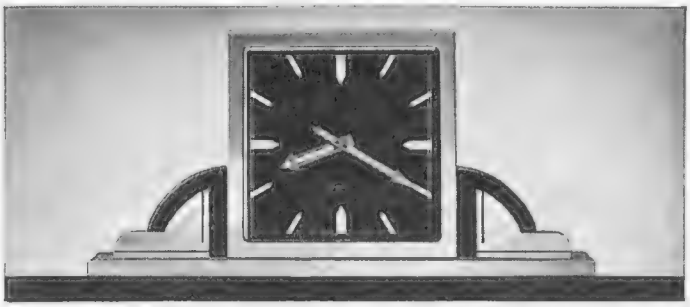

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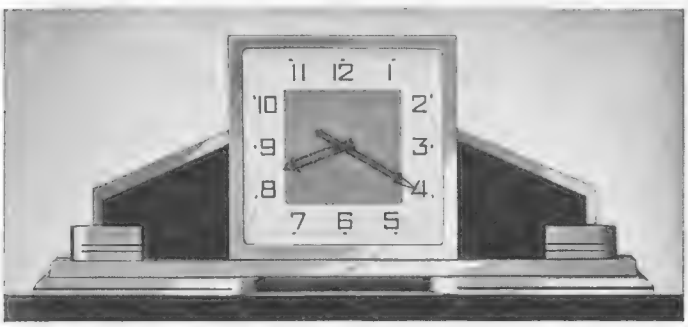

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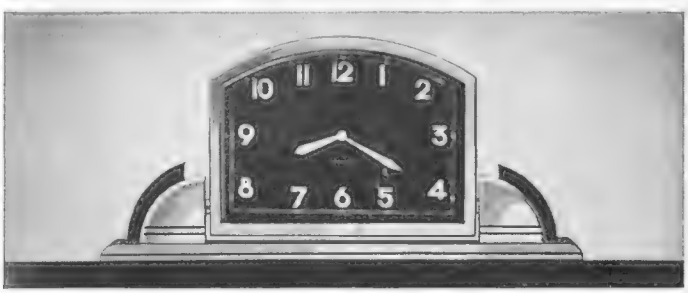

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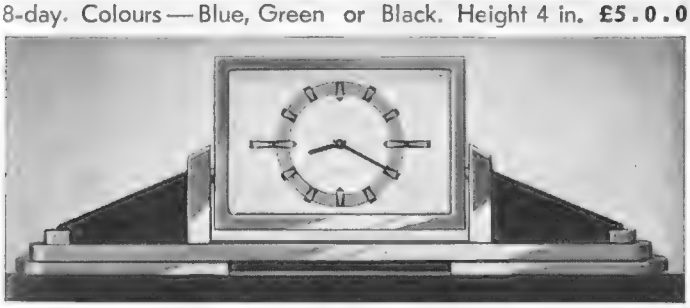

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Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

GREYHOUNDS are very often curiously named, and members of the racing public are sometimes rather hard put to it, even after reference to the sire and the dam, to discover the reason for the names of some of those dogs which they may desire to back. Sometimes dogs are named irrespective of their breeding, however, and the names chosen are not always reminiscent even of the kennels where the dogs are bred.

Mr. J. C. Michie, for instance, has a peculiar method of naming his dogs, and one which should leave no doubt in the minds of the greyhound-racing public, even without having reference to a programme, that the dogs are his. He now has four greyhounds at the Hook Kennels at Northaw. These are named Phreddie Phox, Phinger O'Phate, Phylling Phall, and Phirst Phawn—they are all twenty-two-months'-old puppies by Sunshine Bosh out of Cherry Bobs, and they were bred by their present owner. The peculiar naming of these greyhounds, due to the substitution of "Ph" for "F," is explained by sentiment, for Phœbe is the name of Mrs. Michie, and her husband goes as near as he can to perpetuating it in his racing activities. Let us hope that his dogs may soon be described as phine phighters phor Phœbe and phame.

While on the subject of dogs generally, it is interesting to note that Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley is selling some of his present greyhounds to make room in his kennels for new dogs that he has acquired, and for some of his puppies which will soon be old enough for the track. Some little time ago he sold his famous hurdler, Matchells Martin, to Mr. Gerard Fairlie, and now comes the news that Empire Crusade, a dog very well known to patrons of the G.R.A. track at Belle Vue, Manchester, has just been sold by auction. General Critchley has not had a great deal of luck with his dogs, but perhaps the new blood which will soon be representing him will change the luck and get first past the post.

NOW that greyhound racing has taken a very firm hold on the imagination of the British public, and has existed for some little time in this country, it is of interest to note which dogs have done well at the stud. This will be even more interesting later on, when some of the dogs which themselves have won fame on the greyhound racing tracks will be represented by puppies. At the moment, however, at the White City the leading sire is Mutton Cutlet, and at the time of writing four of his progeny are entered for the Derby. Eight of his greyhounds have already between them won over £250 in prize-money at the White City this year, and the next most successful sire on that track is Jovial Judge, who is closely followed by Macoma. At Harringay, Loafer leads in the amount of prize-money won by his progeny, but curiously enough not in the number of firsts obtained. They have won just over £200, but have only been placed ten times, against the six Chain Mail greyhounds, who have won thirteen times, but, on the other hand, only gathered about £180 in prize-money. I look forward to the first occasion when a Mick the Miller puppy will race on a track. I saw some of these puppies the other day down at Northaw, and I was very impressed by one in particular, who is extraordinarily like his distinguished father in appearance. Will he become a new favourite for the greyhound-racing public to acclaim? Perhaps his resemblance to his father will be maintained on the track as well as in appearance.

Track Starlets

Six four-months-old G.R.A puppies at the farm at Forsbrook, Staffordshire, where they were bred, and where they are brought up in the way they should go, before they start their careers at the White City

The Problem of the "Other Fellow's" Car

By The Earl of Cardigan

THERE must be few motorists who, once in a way, do not drive, or wish to drive, some car other than their own. Quite apart from the interest of trying a new make, it is often invaluable to be able to step into the "other fellow's" machine—as for instance, when it is necessary to catch the last post with an urgent letter, and one's own car is found with a flat tyre.

On such occasions, however, it is rather essential, not only to persuade the borrowed car to go, but also to drive it in a fairly skilful and sympathetic manner. How, on the other hand, can a skilful performance be assured when one is driving a strange car for the first time, perhaps, without any information as to its idiosyncracies? I can best answer this question, I think, by giving, in some little detail, the procedure on which I rely.

In starting the engine—to commence with—I always first ascertain that the gear-lever is in "neutral." It is never safe to take this for granted. Then I locate the ignition switch and "strangler." Finally, I press the starter button in a series of short bursts, each of perhaps three seconds' duration. While doing so, I "wangle" both the accelerator pedal and the air control, with the object of finding the exact combination which the engine needs. I defer setting the hand throttle until the engine has warmed up a little. When I do set it, I avoid getting an ultra-slow "tick-over," since it is annoying when one's engine tends to stall at the least provocation. As soon as possible, I test the ignition control. With the engine running at a fixed throttle opening, I move the lever to and fro. When I hear the engine accelerate slightly, I know that the ignition is advanced, and vice versa. For ordinary running, I like the ignition just retarded below that at which there is a tendency to "knock."

I am rather careful with my clutch when engaging it for the first time. I let it in very slowly, and try to make a careful note of the point at which it begins to "take hold."

It is a slightly more complicated matter to locate the gears, but there are certain distinct rules, not often transgressed by manufacturers. Thus, in a three-speed gear-box, first gear occupies one of the "back" slots, with reverse opposite to it. Second gear is found through the "gate" and forward, and top gear is straight back from the second gear position. In a four-speed gear-box, it is equally safe to say that first gear occupies a "forward" slot, with second gear opposite to it. Third gear is through the "gate" and forward, whence top gear, as before, is found by coming straight back. Reverse gear, in this case, is located in a separate slot to one side of the main "gate." These rules only define first gear as occupying *one of the two* forward slots, and do not distinguish between the first- and third-gear positions. If, however, one of the forward gears is engaged, and the clutch let in very gently, the responsiveness or otherwise of the engine will show quite clearly whether the selected ratio is first or third gear. Often, indeed, the position of the ratios is marked out by the manufacturer.

The first few gear changes must obviously be based, to a large extent, on guesswork; but, with a cold engine, it is generally safe to make quick changes "up." The first change "down" demands much judgment, since there are several factors, such as the "spacing" of the gear ratios, which as yet are either unknown or only roughly estimated.

I MUST apologise to the A.C. Company for describing the car which they recently lent me, as a "saloon," and for criticising the comfort of its coachwork on that basis. The model in question, it appears, is listed as a "close-coupled coupé," and is not intended to provide great leg-room or head-room for the back-seat passengers. A full saloon model is also available.

A New Sports Model

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Results of the April Monthly Medal Competition

Fifteen spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. handicap division every winter month for the best net scores relative to the pars of the courses played on. From April to September, inclusive, thirty spoons are given in each division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Full particulars will be sent on application.

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course	Strokes above or below S. S.
Miss Madge Boosey	Chislehurst	79	17	62	71	9 below
Mrs. D. V. Gibb	Calcutta Ladies	82	18	64	73	9 ,,
Miss Jean Priest	Huddersfield	87	16	71	77	6 ,,
Miss Megson	Manchester	85	13	72	77	5 ,,
Miss R. Edkins	Walmley	84	15	69	74	5 ,,
Miss N. Williams	Coxmoor	85	18	67	72	5 ,,
Mrs. C. Edmeston	Worsley	81	11	70	74	4 ,,
Mrs. Ashley	Shirley Park	84	13	71	75	4 ,,
Miss D. Beeley	Sherwood Forest	90	18	72	76	4 ,,
Miss Dorrit Wilkins	Chigwell	77	4	73	76	3 ,,
Mrs. D. March	Chigwell	79	6	73	76	3 ,,
Mrs. Mellor	Chesterfield	84	14	70	73	3 ,,
Mrs. Abraham	Macclesfield	88	17	71	74	3 ,,
Miss A. Blunn	St. Anne's Old Links	80	8	72	74	2 ,,
Mrs. D. V. Sampson	Cheadle	76	10	66	68	2 ,,
Mrs. E. W. Tanner	Royal Eastbourne	75	11	64	66	2 ,,
Miss Wooding	Kingsthorpe	85	13	72	74	2 ,,
Mrs. Munro	Spalding	87	18	69	71	2 ,,
Miss R. Clixby	Thonock	88	18	70	72	2 ,,
Miss E. Staffurth	Bowdon	82	6	76	77	1 ,,
Mrs. Baxter	Bloxwich	85	11	74	75	1 ,,
Mrs. G. C. Killey	Long Ashton	86	13	73	74	1 ,,
Mrs. P. B. Sherwood	Wilpshire	86	13	73	74	1 ,,
Miss May Fielding	Blackpool. North Shore	91	16	75	76	1 ,,
Mrs. G. Bissell	Sandwell Park	89	17	72	73	1 ,,
Mrs. C. H. Heathcote	Sherwood Forest	93	18	75	76	1 ,,
Miss M. P. Spencer	Northampton	92	18	74	75	1 ,,
Mrs. J. E. Collier	Long Ashton	79	5	74	74	even
Miss Humphry	North Hants	90	15	75	75	,,
Mrs. C. Garnett Heywood	Chislehurst	86	15	71	71	,,

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss Craig	Merton Park	81	20	61	73	12 below
Mrs. Langton	Calcutta Ladies'	90	29	61	73	12 ,,
Mrs. O'Reilly	Wanstead	89	24	65	75	10 ,,
Miss Jean Campbell	Bromley & Bickley	93	30	63	73	10 ,,
Miss Doris Riley	Worsley	95	31	64	74	10 ,,
Miss C. Blackie	Queen's Park	98	31	67	77	10 ,,
Mrs. John A. Tait	Arrowe Park	91	31	65	75	10 ,,
Miss K. Gelder	Bradford	96	35	61	71	10 ,,
Mrs. McFarlane	Northampton	101	36	65	75	10 ,,
Mrs. M. Blackburn	Chilwell Manor	100	36	64	74	10 ,,
Mrs. Stewart	Arbroath	84	19	65	74	9 ,,
Miss Ruth Anderson	Brokenhurst Manor	91	26	65	74	9 ,,
Miss P. Hammersley	Beeston Fields	93	28	65	74	9 ,,
Miss C. I. Crawford	Rugby	91	30	61	70	9 ,,
Mrs. C. E. H. Turner	Gloucester	99	31	68	77	9 ,,
Mrs. Francis Percy	Wigan	93	32	61	70	9 ,,
Mrs. E. Miller	Grimsby	99	33	66	75	9 ,,
Mrs. H. A. Golden	Carlisle City	85	20	65	73	8 ,,
Miss Anderson	Castle Bromwich	101	36	65	73	8 ,,
Miss L. Scott	Morecambe	100	36	64	72	8 ,,
Miss Mary Priest	Huddersfield	89	19	70	77	7 ,,
Miss M. Way	Hockley	91	26	65	72	7 ,,
Mrs. K. C. Luke	Shirley Park	94	26	68	75	7 ,,
Miss M. Partridge	North Hants	95	27	68	75	7 ,,
Miss J. P. Blanchard	Kirkby	100	29	71	78	7 ,,
Mrs. C. F. Gubbins	La Moye	93	30	63	70	7 ,,
Mrs. D. F. White	Shirley Park	101	33	68	75	7 ,,
Mrs. Geffrey Scott	Moor Park	93	24	69	75	6 ,,
Mrs. Johns	Bloxwich	92	25	67	73	6 ,,
Mrs. W. T. Krause	South Shields	100	30	70	76	6 ,,

The Editor's Box

Golf at Lausanne-Ouchy

The golf course at Lausanne-Ouchy is one of the best in Switzerland, and could hardly be beaten for beauty. It is 2800 feet above sea-level, with amazing views of the Alps, and is reached by electric cars. It is an eighteen-hole course, over undulating ground, and with a ravine as one of its natural hazards. Besides golf, there is yachting on and bathing in Lac Leman; and an Olympic Stadium and a Sports Club are extras that make Lausanne a perfect sportsman's playground.

"The Bystander" Ladies' SCOTTISH FOURSOMES

(10th Year) at Turnberry (New Course), JUNE 6 to 9, 1933

Holders: Lady Alness and Miss Leetham.

Entries close Thursday, May 18th. Enter NOW

Open to all players with L.G.U. Handicaps, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit, Handicap certificates to be shown before play.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, The Bystander Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, May 18th.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HOTEL AND RAILWAY FACILITIES

The Bystander Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be *The Turnberry Hotel, Turnberry*, where the special terms for competitors will be 15s. per day each, inclusive, from Monday, June 5th. Reduced railway fares, St. Pancras to Turnberry, £3 8s. 6d. return.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be played at Turnberry on June 6th and following days. ALL ENTRANTS FOR "THE BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

TURNBERRY **NO ENTRANCE FEE**

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, The Bystander Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, by Thursday, May 18th, 1933.

"THE BYSTANDER" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry, June 6, 1933, and following days.

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home Address .....

Telephone No. .....

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Turnberry with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home Address .....

Telephone No. .....

Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner to Miss Helme as above; or after June 2nd to her at Turnberry Hotel, Ayrshire. Telephone: Turnberry 2.

CONDITIONS

Medal play under L.G.U. handicap.
Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card.
Entries received on day of play only.

All entries for The Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* The Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* The Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON MAY

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

Printed for the Proprietors, Illustrated Newspapers Limited, by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Limited, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published weekly by Illustrated Newspapers Limited, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. May 10, 1933
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SPECTATOR SPORTS . . .

Photograph by Shaw Wildman.

the smart onlooker chooses this - our newest coat

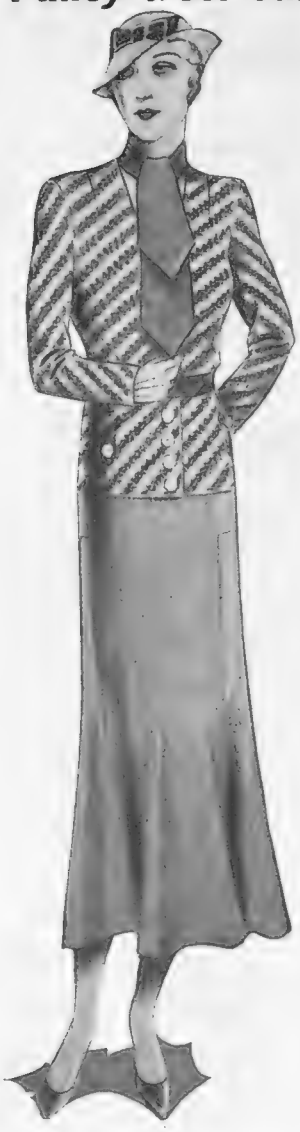
Mrs. Vivian Drury wears a coat as it should be worn—and makes the business of onlooking a very decorative one indeed. A warm one, too—for she chose this sports coat in the lightest, softest blanket-flannel that we guarantee to be draught-proof. The shoulder is very cunningly cut with inset pieces that give the broad look without being bulky. We stock this coat in our Ready-to-Wear Department in 4 sizes, and we have it in Navy and Red as well as White.
The price is only **8½ gns.**

FORTNUM and MASON

READY - TO - WEAR DEPARTMENT :: PICCADILLY :: TELEPHONE REGENT 8040

Robinson & Cleaver's

Fancy Wool Suit



Cardigan Suit in All-wool fancy knit design. Cardigan is woven in a two-toned diagonal stripe and finished scarf collar. Skirt is self-coloured and gored at front. Colours: Green/White, Lido Blue/White, Nigger/White, Black/White. Price **65/9**

Make your Beach Suits from the new Linen Tweed

"LOOFA."—The latest novelty in Irish Linen Tweed. Medium weight, a large range of fast colours of rare beauty and the most uncrushable linen ever produced. Fully shrunk and soft draping. A new linen of great charm and character. 36 ins. wide. Per yard **2/11**

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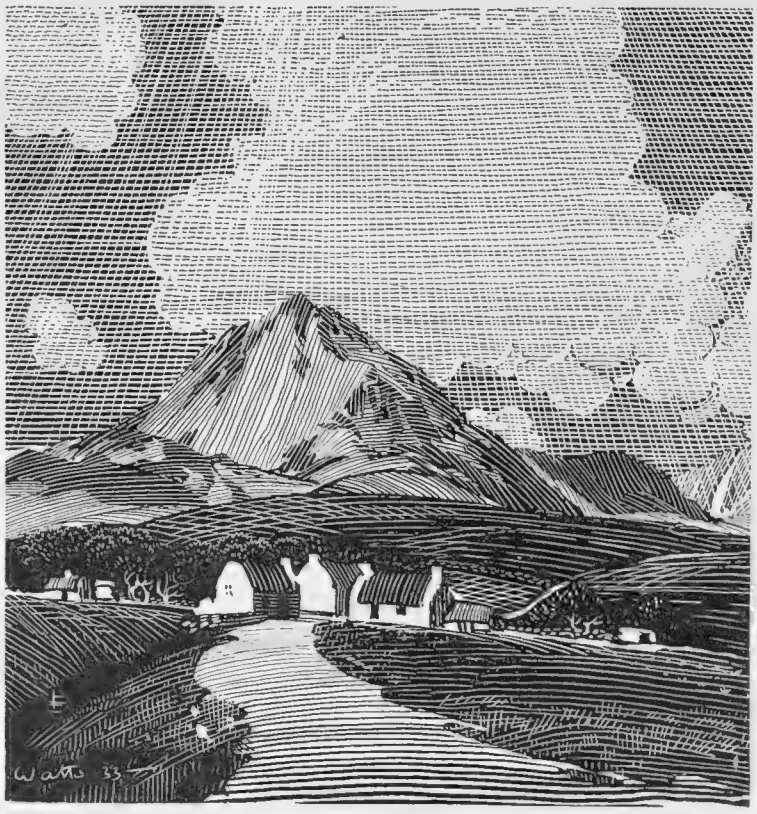
ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD. Regent Street, London W.1



. . to Ireland, then!

There is deep peace in the countryside of the Irish Free State that is abundantly refreshing to minds tired with the cares of business. Among the mountains of Connemara or by the lakes of Killarney you will forget the noise and dirt of the city and your hurrying brain will be calmed by the strangeness which just reminds you of the long miles from home.

With a cheap Holiday Return Ticket you travel luxuriously all the way, including the crossing, which is made on fast up-to-date Steamers.

You can take your car at a very low cost and special car accommodation has been provided on the Irish steamers.

There are five comfortable routes by LMS: Holyhead and Kingstown (Dun Laoghaire); Heysham and Belfast; Stranraer and Larne; Liverpool and Belfast (B.S.S.); Liverpool and Dublin (B. & I.)

HOLIDAY TICKETS. This year Holiday Return Tickets, offering very generous concessions, will again be issued. Get a copy of "LMS Cheap Fares" and Illustrated Folder (free) at any LMS Station, Town Office or Agency.

Tourist Tickets—May to October. Cheap Week-End Tickets throughout the Year.

LMS

LONDON MIDLAND & SCOTTISH RAILWAY

Tennis Dress, in Cotton Piqué, from 3½ gns. In Silk Piqué or Washing Silk, from 4½ gns. Other models in stock.

Richard Sands

of

Sloane St., S.W.1

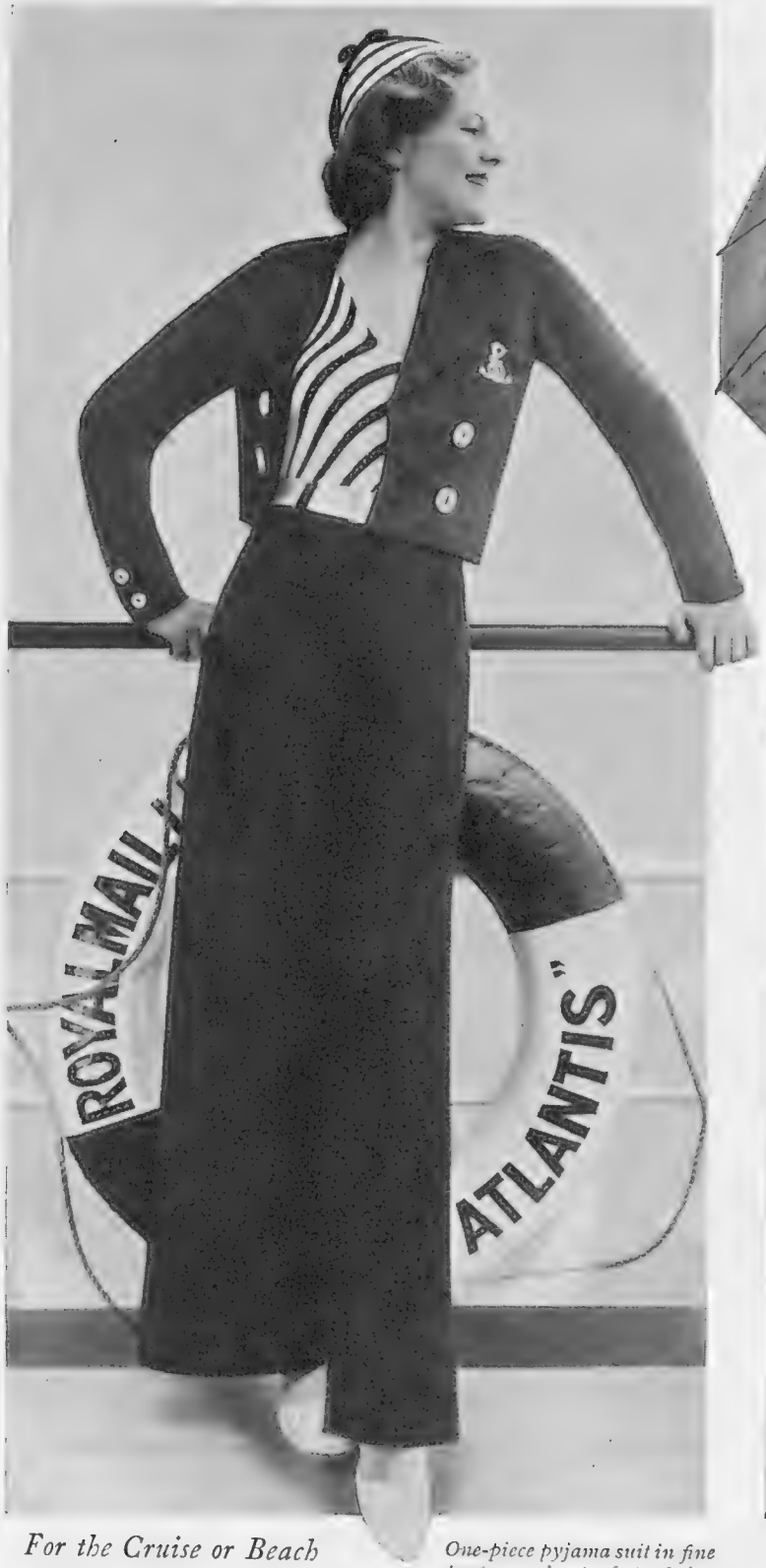
Exclusive Modes for Town & Country

Phone : Sloane 5134

SPECIALITIES FOR THE SEASIDE HOLIDAY AND THE SUMMER CRUISE

for Sea and Beach

. . . New Styles by Debenhams



For the Cruise or Beach

79/6

One-piece pyjama suit in fine pure wool, perfect fitting trousers with striped low back top finished at waist with petersham belt, short tailored coat to match with long sleeves. Complete with becoming cap. In navy/white, royal/white, white/navy, cherry/white

The Bathing Outfit

39/6

Becoming Canadian Suit in heavy quality pure wool, with square and low neck finished at natural waist line with belt of self material. In royal/white/flame, black/white/grey, gold/sepia/white, white/paris/geranium. Crochet linen sandals in bright shades, all sizes 29/6 Rubber cap trimmed with bright flower to match suit 5/6.

Catalogue of Photographic Studies of Bathing Suits post free

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1.

(Debenhams Ltd.)

PETER ROBINSON

A typical style
from a wide variety of
Inexpensive Cardigan Suits
in Summer-weight materials

446. Practical Cardigan and Skirt in a light Woollen material, in a variety of good colours. *Sizes :* S.S.W., S.W., W., Full W. *and* O.S.

3 gns.

CATALOGUE of SUMMER FASHIONS sent on request.

PETER ROBINSON, LTD., OXFORD ST. & REGENT ST., W.1

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SOLE PRODUCERS OF THE
POINT-TO-POINT REGD. WEATHERPROOFS

GENT'S POINT-TO-POINT (Regd.)

THESE FAMOUS COATS ARE WORN BY ALL THE SMARTEST PEOPLE AND ARE GUARANTEED WATERPROOF FOR TWO YEARS.

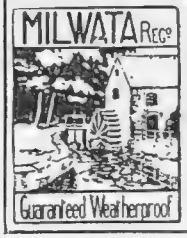
SINGLE TEXTURE 29/9
FEATHERWEIGHT DOUBLE TEXTURE 39/9
STANDARD DOUBLE TEXTURE 49/9

in White, Putty and Fawn Shades

LADIES' POINT-TO-POINT (Regd.)

ALSO SMART AND RELIABLE WATERPROOFS CAN BE OBTAINED AT ALL LEADING STORES FROM

12/11



Owing to many inferior imitations of these coats on the market, insist on seeing the "MILWATA" trade mark on the tickets and labels.

Wholesale only : **H. E. MILLS, Ltd.,**
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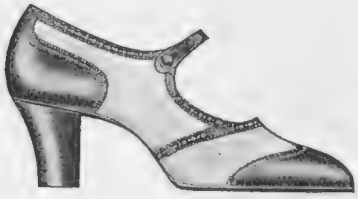
Telephone No.: Museum 1326 (2 lines)



A new Strap Model attractively brogued with leather heel. In White Buck, trimmed Tan Calf, in all Dark Brown Calf, or in all Black Calf.

32/6

Inexpensive Shoes at .
HANAN'S

HANAN SHOES AND HOSIERY

328 Oxford Street · 203 Regent Street

JAEGER'S GRAND COATS FOR TENNIS COST VERY FEW PENNIS

Moulded on the slimmest, trimmest lines, with big revers and two amusing and receptive pockets. In a heavenly new Jaeger tweed, rather loosely woven but divinely smooth and soft. White and lovely pastel shades.

4½ GNS.

The swing-back's swinging along to further conquests. Here's a definitely winning one that would give the veriest rabbit confidence on the courts. Again in Jaeger's glorious new tweed in porridge, white or pastels.

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Special Fashion Display

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THE SPRING AND SUMMER

The displays will include Tailored Costumes, Riding and Sports Suits, Overcoats, Travel Coats, and the latest Burberry Weatherproofs, for all forthcoming social events: daily from Monday, May 8th to Friday, May 12th. Mannequins will be in attendance at 11.30 a.m. till 1 p.m., and 2.30 till 4.30 p.m. each day.

Where a personal call is impracticable, Burberrys will gladly send illustrations of styles, patterns of materials and prices on request. Please mention the "Bystander."

BURBERRYS LTD., HAYMARKET, S.W.1

BEAUTIFORM GARMENT

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Patented

Which by its sheer dexterity of cut, **Supports, Controls, Uplifts, Reduces**

Note this dramatic Contrast

Beautiform.. *Corset*

Washes — never losing its shape

Ask for **ZIP-IT-ON MODEL** and **NEW BACKLESS MODEL**

BREAST SUPPORT & REDUCER

Controls and Uplifts

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The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

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BRIGHTER BATHING AND BEACH WEAR

On left.

A very intriguing Sun-back Swimming Suit in soft, fine-ribbed elastic wool, with adjustable shoulder straps. Small sizes only, in gay colours - - - - - **17/6**

On right.

Two-Piece Cruising Outfit, consisting of pull-over with various coloured striped scarves, and tailored trousers with adjustable waist-band, in heavy wool stockinette. In navy, royal, brown, black and white. Two-Piece complete, various hip sizes **49/6**

Trousers only, **25/9**; larger size, **29/6**

Sandals with finely knitted uppers, cork lined, and crêpe soles **18/9**

Canvas Kit Bag, lined waterproof, with base in various colours **25/-**

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THE SMARTNESS OF CHECKS

Light, yet warm, this beautifully tailored Camel Coat is ideal for travel wear, by road, by train or by sea. An indispensable item in your holiday kit.

Though available in a wide range of patterns, this style is particularly effective in the tasteful pattern illustrated.

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Nothing could be more comfortable in wear than "le Chignon Naturel." Adjustable to any position, it remains securely in place without combs, clips or pins and gives you exactly the length of hair you desire.

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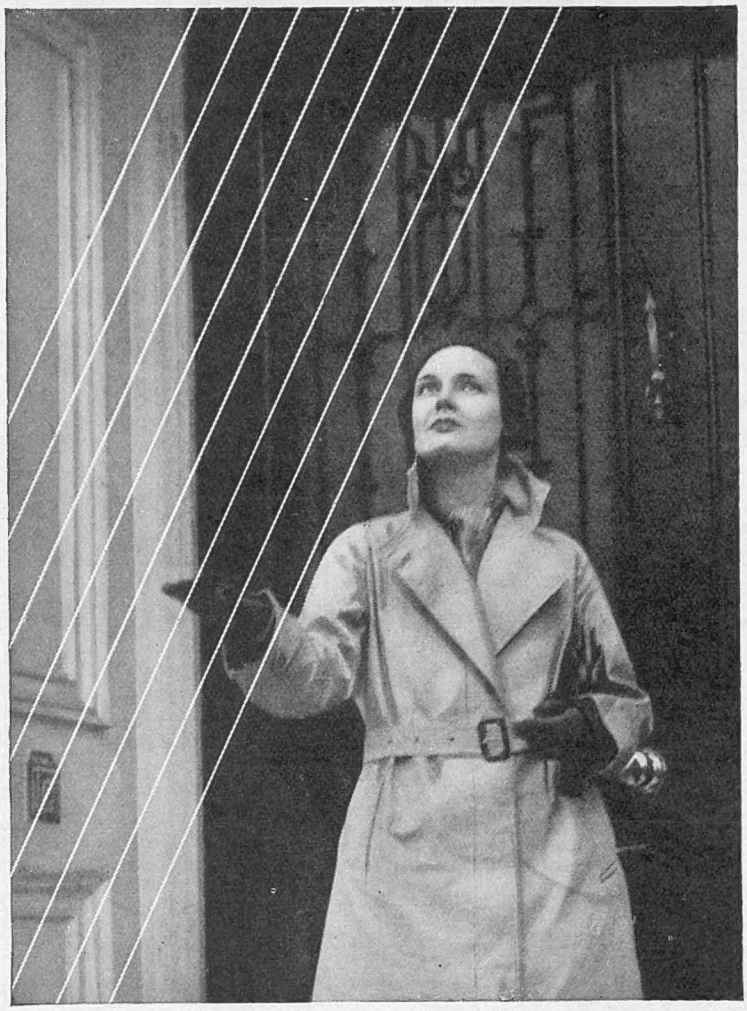
SOME people buy a Dexter to keep out the rain. Some, to keep warm in a wind. Others again, choose a Dexter because it's so light and so right, for a hundred occasions.



But by far the majority take these things for granted, buying a Dexter because it is cut so skilfully and hangs so well, because it keeps its elegance through years of wear. And, because in these days colour means so much, Dexters show a delightful variety of shades — pearl-green, biscuit, blues and greys.

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As British as the Weather—but Reliable. Priced at three guineas and upwards from specialist outfitters everywhere.

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For cruising and also for every other sporting or tailored summer occasion. In natural bangkok with a brown and white, blue and white, or red and white striped ribbon band. Price **30**/-

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Look for this transfer on every shaft. True Temper Master Irons are made in varying degrees of whip and a large variety of attractive finishes, Chromium, Black, light and dark grained enamel, light and dark sheath. Your pro. will gladly let you try them.

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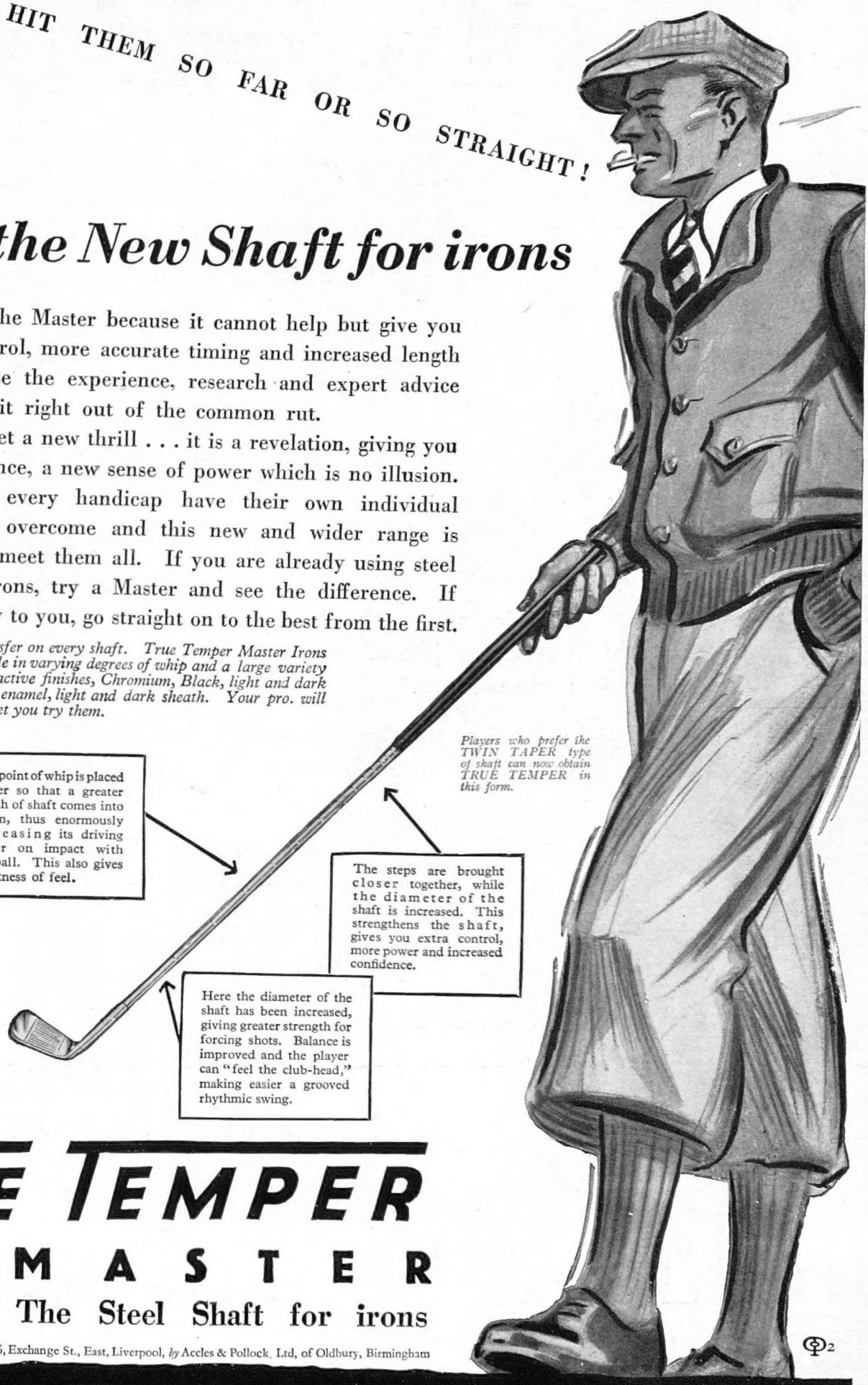

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TRUE TEMPER

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Made for British Steel Golf Shafts Ltd., *of* 26, Exchange St., East, Liverpool, *by* Accles & Pollock, Ltd, of Oldbury, Birmingham

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